JULY 22 — 28, 1978

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Eve's Weekly

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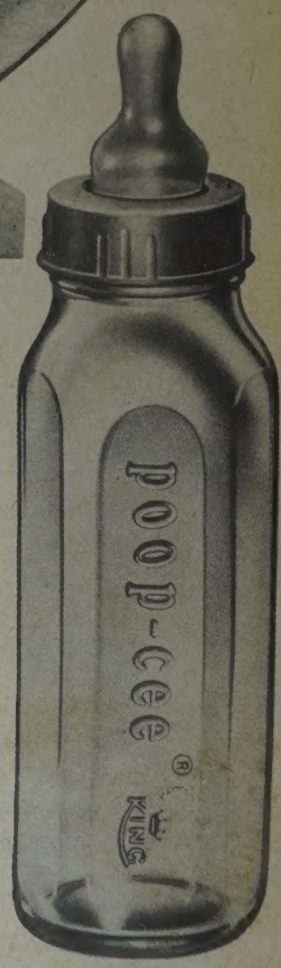

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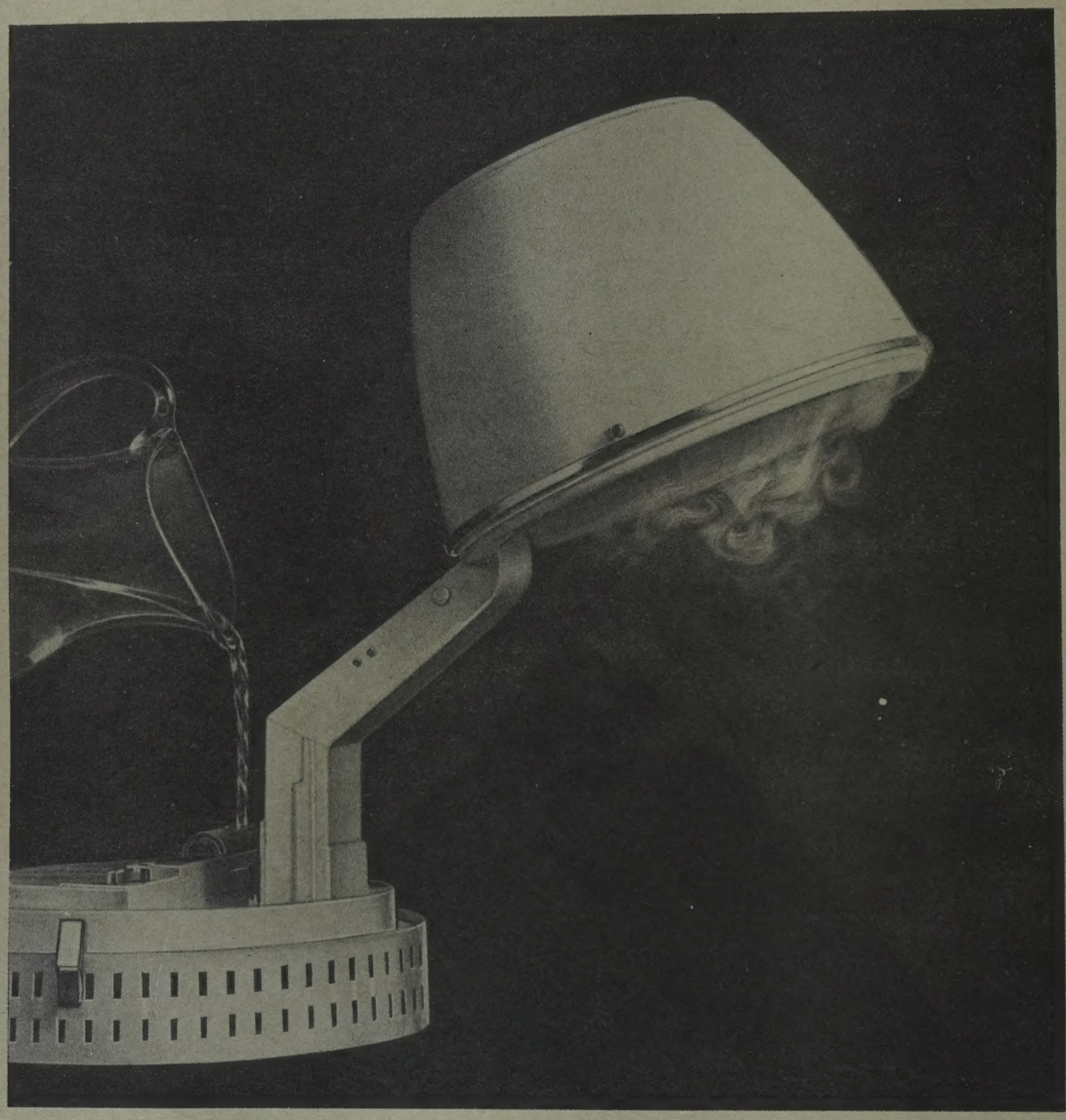

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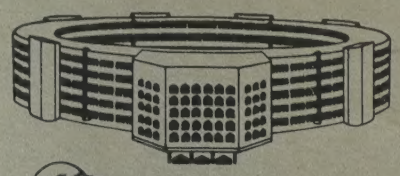

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DARSHINI DESAI

Ambitious and career minded, 19-year-old Darshini is a second year B.A. student of St. Xavier's College, Ahmedabad.

A gifted exponent of Kathak, Darshini started dancing from a very early age under the guidance of Kumudini Lakhia. The encouragement given by her family helped her to give a number of public performances in India and abroad.

And in between her college studies and dancing career, she finds enough time for other interests too. She likes reading, loves listening to music, and playing sitar.

This young talented girl nurses one ambition which she hopes to achieve before she settles down in life — to travel all over the world and meet people from different walks of life.

Photograph : Pankaj Shah

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this week

RACE RELATIONS IN THE U.K.

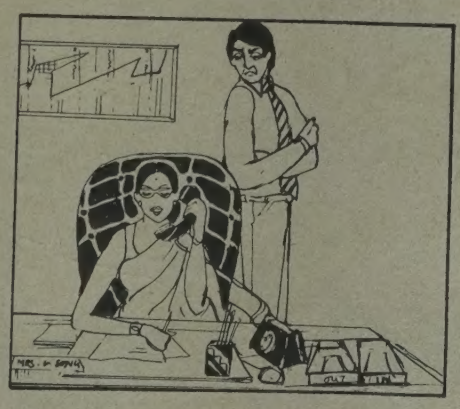
Orwell's affectionate picture of the English as a people with bad teeth and kindly tolerance has been severely jarred in recent years by the outbreak of virulent racialism. The racial situation in Britain today is not only explosive, it is exploding visibly. An enlightening report on and thoughtful analysis of the situation.
Page 8.

LIVING IN A MULTI-RACIAL SOCIETY

While race relations in London are not only bad but also deteriorating rapidly, the problem of racism seems to be not so acute outside the big cities. A survey of residents of smaller English towns.
Page 10.

RACISM IN ENGLAND
A Personal Experience of London

Questions like, "Do you speak Hindu?" and even, "Are you a Buddhu?" are signs of a certain ignorance about the people and lifestyles of other countries, which is probably one of the root causes of racial prejudice in England. Personal experiences of life in a city now troubled by severe racial discord.
Page 12.



THE ANATOMY OF MALE CHAUVINISM

The term "male chauvinism" has become such a cliche that it has practically lost its meaning and is now used loosely, almost as a joke. However, the basic concept continues to be a reality and therefore bears review. A thought-provoking discussion.
Page 36.

ALSO

Care of Ex-servicemen: A rehabilitation centre in Poona — **Page 40** Eve Today : Indira Trivedi, woman member of the ITDC Board of Directors — **Page 15** Make it Yourself: Pretty hairbands for pretty heads — **Page 17** Film Interview: Reena Roy — **Page 21** Profiles: Devaki Jain and Kumu Hafizka — **Page 42.**

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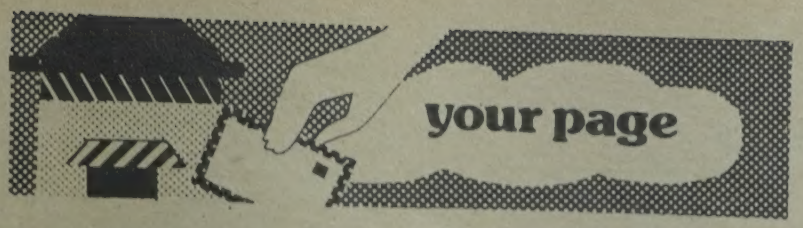


Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st prize

BLESSING OR CURSE?

Recently I came across a passage where a man tells his daughter-in-law: "My son is used to the best in life. Please see to it that he gets it." Talk about the power of Women's Lib! But it was no matter for congratulation.

This was the real-life story of an actress who had no desire to exploit her talent. All she wanted from life was a small home and a happy family to look after. Instead, in their greed for wealth, her rich in-laws forced them to set up house on their own. Since their son is a weak man, the girl has to earn for both of them. And while she is doing this, the husband and his parents do exactly what the girl really wants to do — play with her child!

This instance made me wonder. . . has Women's Lib really freed women or has it shackled them even more? Previously, a woman only had the work of looking after her home. Today, men want working wives. They profess support for Women's Lib. But they don't help out at home. Thus, in the name of Women's Lib, woman today is forced to shoulder a double workload. Instead of being freed, she is even more tied down by work. So whom has Woman's Lib really benefited? The men of course. They are busy laughing up their sleeves, exploiting women in the name of Women's Lib.

Miss S. Rahim, Bombay

We feel woman is getting stronger by shouldering a double workload. She is not tied down, she is occupied and alert. She has more pride in herself and she can never be shackled again, as long as she asserts her individuality. The men may be perturbed and angry, but they are certainly not laughing.

2nd prize

CHILDREN BY CHOICE

It is not only the children of the rich and the elite who are neglected by the parents, but the children of the poor, too, get scant love and attention at home.

I think there is no abiding law which says that every married couple should have children. Public opinion is given the foremost importance in our country and I feel that those who do not want to have children, have them out of compulsion just to prove to the others that they are 'man' and 'woman' too. And yet, what is the use of producing children when one does not care for the joys of parenthood? The children do not get the warmth and the security of the parents' love, nor will they receive proper guidance about basic human values. Where will these future juvenile delinquents lead the country to? I feel that married couples have all the right—and should be given the freedom — to lead a peaceful and happy life without children, if they wish to. This will enable them to pursue their individual rights and to live a more creative and spiritually-fulfilling life in each other's company. They will discover some human ideals, too, which are often lost in the whirlwind of the problems of providing for the children.

Neelam Dutta, Dehradun

Well, of course, we believe that every couple has the right to decide whether they want a child or not. But we also feel that, except for some neglectful ones, parents who do go ahead and have children — by 'compulsion' or to 'save face' — do provide warmth and love and guidance to their "unwanted" offspring.

3rd prize

OLD FOGIES!

Why do youngsters rebel today? It is because their elders dictate to them: do as we say, but not as we do. That is why they are up in arms against the Establishment. They hate its hypocrisy and the false facade that they have seen through.

The problem with adults is they have forgotten what it is to be young. They have turned into a bunch of sour grapes on a withering vine. They have no more zest for living — their life is a big lie. They enjoyed themselves when they were young with the very things they refuse to allow their children to enjoy now.

Today's generation is at least honest enough to admit whatever they are doing. They do it in the open; and this is called rebellion, defiance, disrespect, etc., and therefore suppressed. No wonder they erupt in violence.

Children must be given a chance to learn through their mistakes, if they are to survive in this world. It is only experience that will make them into mature adults. If they are curbed they become rebels, delinquents, dropouts or anti-social and spineless adults with no self-confidence or self-esteem and no identity of their own. Let them learn about life with your help rather than suddenly be confronted by life without any preparation at all.

Mrs. P. Pathak, Bangalore

Yes, it's true. There are just too many 'don'ts' dished out to young people today. Today's generation is good and clever and honest. They need to be heard and heeded.

TIN GODS

I was shocked to read in your "Frankly Speaking" column about Premnath's atrocious behaviour. I have often felt that all film stars are "abnormal" people with a streak of sadism in them, the females included. It is a matter or regret that we, the public, spend money to see their tom-foolery on the screen.

What makes the whole thing interesting is the fact that we have in our midst some very intelligent and straight-forward journalists who can report well. It is not the illegitimacy of Rekha's child or the illiteracy of a top hero, that interests us. It is the way these stories are told that attracts our attention. Frankly speaking, many of us read film magazines, not because we are curious to know the abnormal and sub-normal behaviour of our stars, but because the features are so well written. In fact many of us prefer to read the magazines rather than undergo the torture of three hours in a cinema theatre.

Mrs. Srijaya M. Char
Bangalore

We wouldn't say that film stars are abnormal people. They are not. It's just that they live in an insulated world and often become the tin gods and goddesses they portray on the screen. Today's film writers have actually done a service to the stars by giving them human dimensions.

AH, RELIEF!

Recently all over the world, and specially in India, people have attached great importance to Nature Cure therapy. For most stomach upsets, a mug of tolerably warm ginger tea is a perfect cure. The rishis of ancient India, as well as today's Indians, believe in the efficacy of fasting one day in the week. Cutting out a meal at night, and having just a glass of fruit juice is best. Still better, a glass of buttermilk with a pinch of table salt and asafoetida — what a great relief to sufferers! Raw garlic pods preserved in lemon juice and salt can be eaten occasionally after food. You will find a vast relief.

Malathi Rao, Bangalore

Thank you, Mrs. R., for these very useful tips. Perhaps more readers would like to send in such household remedies for various everyday ailments.

READER'S VOICE

WOMEN'S TENNIS

I am very pleased that at last some attention and space has been devoted to women's tennis, especially the women participants at Wimbledon (July 1). I find the games of Chris Evert, Billie Jean King and Evonne Cawley as fascinating as those of the top-seeded men and I find the newspaper reports, which dismiss them in one paragraph at the tail end, very inadequate and annoying. (N. Laxman, Madras)

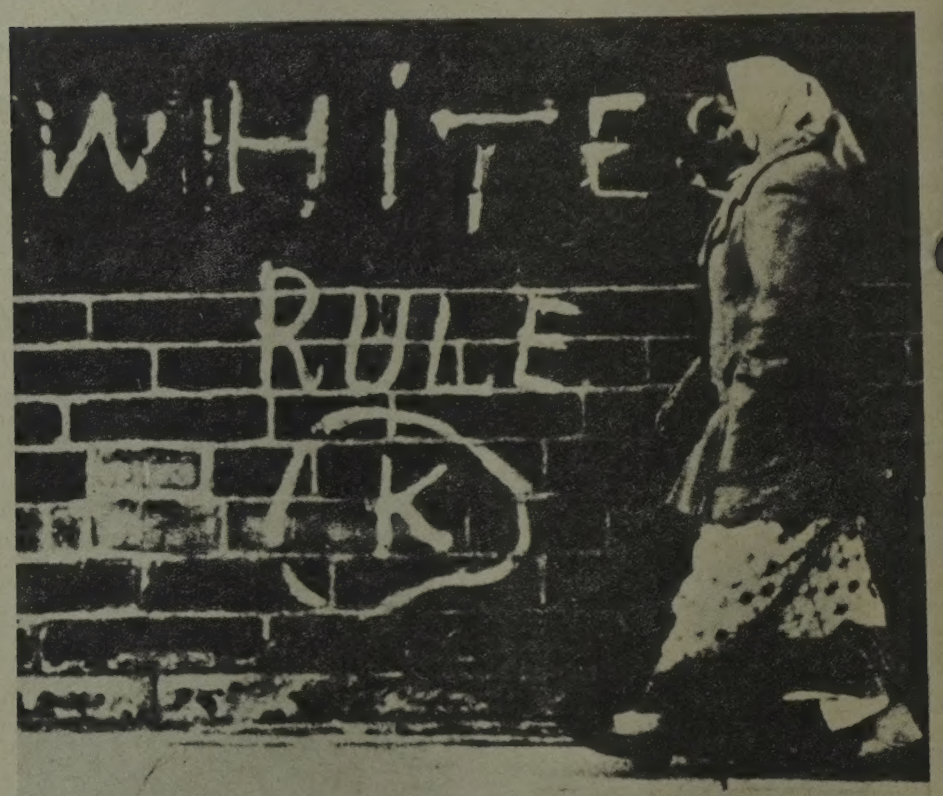
WOMEN'S NEWS

Kudos to Eve's Weekly for having started the column, "News Bulletin — For Women, About Women." I was amazed at the number of items there were, and found that I, though a regular and thorough reader of newspapers, had noticed hardly any of them. I am very happy to have this column as a monitor that will keep me aware of what is going on. (R. Khan, Bombay)

ENOUGH!

Was your stock of stories so depleted that you had to resort to serializing a Mills and Boon novel? Or is it a circulation-boosting gimmick that cashes in on the poor literary taste of young girls today? No more, please. (Mehroo Pallonji, Calcutta)

RACIAL TENSION BUILDING UP IN BRITAIN



An Asian woman walks past anti-immigrant graffiti on a wall in a predominantly Pakistani neighbourhood in Bradford.

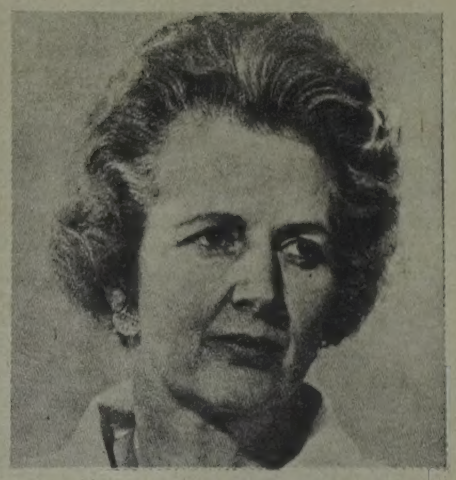
Gautam Sen

Orwell's affectionate picture of the English as a people with bad teeth and kindly tolerance has been severely jarred in recent years by the outbreak of virulent racialism. The racial situation in Britain is not only explosive, it is exploding visibly. The bad teeth behind the smiles and the kindly tolerance have given way to bitter snarls and violence.

The newspapers spew anti-coloured stories to gratify the prevailing mood of hatred; the politicians promise tough legislation to control the inflow of coloured people (although the inflow is small now); and racialist parties freely incite the population to make the coloured population feel less welcome. And the white population has proved quite receptive to such encouragement.

Coloured people are regularly attacked by groups of white youths, much of it ignored by the press and police alike, a number of racial murders have occurred, and the prospect of forcible repatriation no longer seems exaggerated.

Some of the racial violence is quite horrific: one old Indian lady was sprinkled with paraffin and set alight in her own home. The police described her death as suspected suicide. In another case, a youth who had just emerged from a meeting of the Nazi National Front which preaches racial supremacy kicked two young West Indian children "up and down the street."



Seeking the votes of the "common folk," Margaret Thatcher did what had hitherto been politically unthinkable — injected the explosive issue of immigrants into her campaign.

Why has racialism surfaced with such ferocity during the past decade? The reasons are fairly complex, but certain basic causes are identifiable to explain the trend. The British, like most Europeans, have retained a good measure of scepticism about coloured people, if not outright contempt, since the days of subjugation and empire when the coloured man mostly obeyed without question. Feelings of racial supremacy did not disappear with the empire, and the whole cultural milieu remained racist.

In a fundamental sense the history of the world during the past four centuries made the idea of permanent racial superiority one of the basic assumptions of all European culture and society. So strong is this presupposition, and the accompanying culture and ideology that even radical left-wing parties which profess complete racial equality and internationalism cannot overcome its pervasive influence.

BIAS AGAINST COLOURED PEOPLE

In the context of such a cultural and ideological bias against coloured people, the influx of fairly substantial numbers of coloured immigrants during the late fifties produced an adverse reaction almost immediately in some quarters. The British Government had invited the coloured immigrants from abroad in response to labour shortages caused by a rapidly expanding economy. Initially, West Indians from the Caribbean were preferred because of common cultural links, particularly language. But when this supply was depleted, the immigration of labour from the Indian subcontinent was encouraged. In fact, one of the arch proponents of repatriation and white supremacy, Enoch Powell, imported labour from India to fill vacancies in the British National Health Service, when he was Minister of Health.

However, owing to growing opposition and the social problems caused by the arrival of numbers of people from rural areas unable to cope adequately, the Conservative Government enacted the Immigration Act of 1962, curtailing the unrestricted entry of new immigrants. All later legislation, the Acts of 1965, 1968, culminating in the harsh Immigration Act of 1971, have successively aimed at stemming further immigration.

At present a negligible number of new immigrants are given permission to enter, but a larger number come as the dependents of those already settled. There are also several thousand British passport holders of Indian origin residing in Kenya, who also have the right of admission. It is these two categories which preoccupy the two major parties now. In 1972 when President Amin expelled Asians from Uganda, the Heath Government found itself obliged to admit them despite strong opposition at home.

Since the late sixties, the opposition to coloured immigration first voiced by right wing Conservatives and neo-Nazi groups like the Empire League of Loyalists and the British National Party have become the common currency of discussion about race problems. The problem of race is perceived in terms of an "an alien people transforming familiar surroundings," making the native white population feel "strangers in their own country."

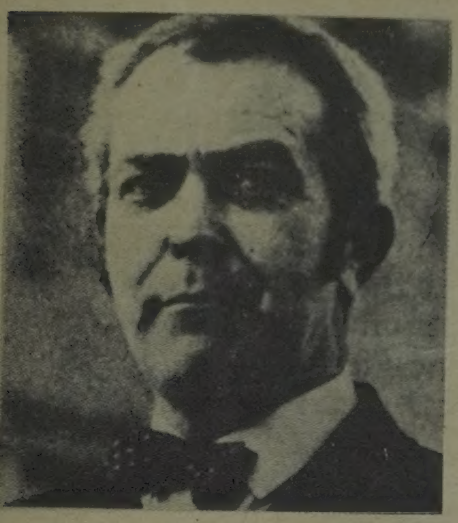
There is some justification in this charge, but it is unfair to attribute responsibility for this situation to the immigrants. In the

case of Asian immigrants, they congregated in areas where work was available and near relatives already settled. Their inability to speak the language forced them to work in industries where communication was less important, and relatives helped to cope and adjust.

Such a pattern was virtually inevitable in the circumstances, and explains large concentrations of coloured immigrants in towns and cities like Southall, Wolverhampton and Leicester. Equally, it helped to create the impression of "being taken over" which is quite widespread, although immigrants constitute no more than 3.4 per cent of the population. In a recent survey of school children it was found that a majority were convinced that immigrants were more than a quarter of the population, some thought they were in a majority!

DETERIORATION OF BRITISH ECONOMY

The deterioration of the British economy since the late sixties, causing high unemployment, produced an incendiary situation, which previously was only potential. For the past two years Britain has experienced the worst unemployment since the Second World War and living standards have also actually fallen for the first time over preceding years. Many of the unemployed are school leavers, entering the job market for the first time; significantly, many of the supporters of the Nazi National Front are in their late teens or early twenties.



James Merrick, spokesman for the National Front in Bradford, prescribes a "cure" for the country's woes: "The coloureds must go!"

A lot of people are angry and frustrated, looking for simple explanations and simple solutions. Accustomed to prosperity and automatic international prestige, the decline in national status has provoked a crisis of identity and self-esteem. People are confused and feel threatened and, most importantly, disenchanted with the old politics. The situation contains the seeds of conflict.

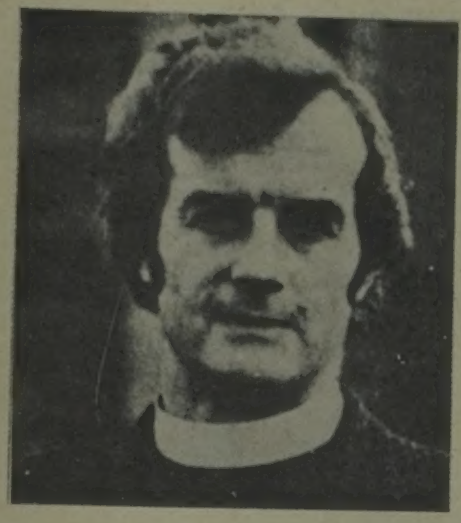
For almost two decades right-wing groups like the Empire League of Loyalists and the National Labour Party have been agitating against the presence of coloured people. The demand for mass repatriation has existed since the Notting Hill riots involving whites and West Indians in 1958. The depressed economic situation and the mood of large segments of the population provided the right wing parties with a golden opportunity.

The coloured population was identified as one of the chief causes of the ills of the country. Not only that, the Nazi groups began to advocate racial purity as an essential feature of national survival and progress. Of these groups, only two remain after successive splits and mergers — the National Front and the British Movement. The British Movement is more overtly Nazi, anti-semitic and internationalist, demanding Nordic unity. The National Front, numerically more significant, has greater populist appeal and focuses on Britain alone. Both groups are completely united, however in their antipathy towards the coloured population and in their demand for their immediate repatriation.

The National Front's spiritual heritage is Hitler's Nazi Germany. Its goal is the corporate state, the expulsion of all coloured people, forcible sterilisation of "half-castes," repression of Jews, and the elimination of all left-wing parties and groups. The National Labour Party, now part of the National Front after one of its many mergers, wrote in 1963, "The National Assistance Board pays children's allowances to the blacks for the coffee coloured monstrosities they father... And material rewards are given to enable semi-savages to mate with the women of one of the leading civilised nations of the world."

The great upsurge in the fortunes of the National Front occurred in 1972 when Britain was forced to admit the 50,000 asians expelled by President Amin of Uganda. Since then, they have polled as much as 30 per cent of the vote in local elections in some parts of the country, although it varies from four to ten per cent on an average. It has received a maximum of 100,000 votes in a single national local election. Its membership is placed between 12 and 20,000.

Why has racialism surfaced with such ferocity in England during the past decade? The reasons are fairly complex, but certain basic causes are identifiable to explain the trend



The Very Rev. Brandon Jackson, an Anglican priest in Bradford who opposes the Front: "The Front says in public what people say in private. It trades on people's fears."

The exact amount of its support is difficult to gauge because the present system of voting discourages voters from voting in favour of small parties. But the National Front is growing and its credibility improves with the incomprehensible legitimacy being accorded to it by the press and national media. In a television programme it was allowed to broadcast, it skilfully exploited the fears and insecurities of the white population by painting an alarming picture of the coloured impact on Britain. The National Front also organises provocative marches through areas of high immigrant concentration, without discouragement from the police. The declared intention is to threaten and intimidate.

CONFUSION AMONG ESTABLISHED PARTIES

The established parties, both Labour and Conservative, are in some quandary. The Labour Party in particular feels obliged to respond to the mood of the electorate because Labour voters are particularly militant on race issues. The Conservatives have always been less inclined to support racial equality and policies to promote better treatment. On the other hand, both parties do share the racist presuppositions of society at large and are in basic sympathy with the mood, although worried by the excessive enthusiasm of the white electorate.

In fact, the present Prime Minister, Jim Callaghan, is not known for his concern for coloureds. Recently he unceremoniously dismissed his own Home Office minister, Alex Lyon, over the issue. Before leaving, Alex Lyon, who had acquired a reputation for fairness, commented, "I have paid the price of trying to get justice for the blacks in this country"; he had misjudged the mood of the electorate.

The other phenomenon is Enoch Powell, the most influential politician since Churchill. With a combination of immense rhetorical skill and charisma he has haunted successive governments over the immigrants' issue, among other things. An advocate of repatriation, his position is closest to that of the National Front, where immigration policies are concerned. His inflammatory speeches, beginning with the infamous speech of April 20, 1968, have been the single most important factor in provoking popular hatred against the coloured population.

As one National Front organiser said of him: "Powell's speeches gave our membership and morale a tremendous boost." In August 1973, the arch Nazi Martin Webster, national organiser of the National Front, decried attempts to criticise Powell. Unknown to most, Powell, the parliamentarian and incorrigible democrat has had cordial exchanges with the British Nazis.

Finally, the newspapers and media have played an influential role in promoting racial antagonisms. For a mixture of sordid commercial reasons and actual belief, their grossly distorted reporting of events relating to the coloured population has been damaging. For example, "The Daily Express" carries headlines like, "The Passport to Plenty — more Asians on the way to join 4-star immigrants," in a reference to some Asians who had been housed in a quality hotel by a local authority because of an accommodation shortage. This particular piece led to the murder of three Asians, including Gurdeep Singh Chaggar of Southall.

The future does not look bright for Asians in Britain; even the prospect of compulsory repatriation cannot be altogether excluded. Beatings, harassment, and occasional murder will continue. Changes in the economic situation which could improve race relations, if only by distracting attention, do not seem likely in the near future because of continuing world economic depression. But talk of gas chambers if the National Front captures power is pessimistic. The world has changed considerably since the days of Hitler. Nevertheless, coloured people will live in fear for some time to come.

LIVING IN A MULTIRACIAL SOCIETY

A survey of residents of smaller English towns reveals that race relations outside London are more pleasant and pose fewer problems

Carol Hanson

Generalisations such as "All West Indians smell different," "All Jews care about is money," "All Irish are thick," are wrong. Racial prejudice is antisocial.

The many races that form British society today have brought with them their own rich culture. As each race practises its own traditions and customs, there are bound to exist problems which need to be studied in order to make our multiracial Society succeed.

Many immigrants arriving in Britain daily come from the rural areas of India. Many speak very little English. As a result, language becomes the first major barrier which can often lead to misunderstandings. To find out how this can be overcome I spoke to Mr. Hari Shukla, who is the Community Relations Officer for Newcastle upon Tyne, a major northern city in England. He told me :

"There are 6,000 Indians living in this area mostly from the Punjab. About 22 to 30 families are from Bombay, some speak very little English. We have a very successful home tuition scheme which is run by volunteers who visit the women in their homes twice a week and teach them conversational English. Many have benefited from this and can communicate reasonably well with their neighbours. Through this, new friendships are developed. The young people have special needs which perhaps have not been met yet. There is a difference between the degree of independence they want and what they are allowed. Because of the pull of their own culture, they find great difficulty in identifying with any other community activities.

"Some parents see that some adaptation must be made. It is, therefore, vitally important for all those involved in the welfare of these young people to appreciate the problems faced by them. If an Indian member of the community wants to set up his business here, there is no problem. Among the locals, he is accepted, and I have found that neighbourhood relations are excellent. My position as Community Relations Officer brings me into daily contact with various departments within the Local Authority here. We believe in working together. Help is given towards housing the immigrants, and also career advice. We are on good terms with the Department of Employment yes, relations in this area are very good."

One young person who was delighted to give me her opinions and impressions of life in London and Newcastle upon Tyne was Deeksha Chakrawarti who is 20 years old, and at present a student in her first year at Newcastle upon Tyne University where she studies Psychology and Genetics. Deeksha studied for two years at the Lady Irwin School for Girls in Delhi before coming to England three years ago. Deeksha lived in East London before coming to Newcastle to study.

"The main inhibition I find propagated amongst the less cordial English is, 'All Indians and Pakistanis are taboo.' In areas like Leytonstone, Upton Park, Barking and most East London, one is often confronted by openly abusing and sometimes threatening English people. One could perhaps attribute this attitude to ignorance and aggression. The shopkeepers there sometimes don't serve Indian ladies as politely as they do English. However, there are some really super English, unfortunately only a few in East London amongst them some greengrocers fishmongers, bus drivers. These few I have met are nice and even so helpful, and the most striking thing about them is their perpetual smile.

"Moving to the opposite end of London there is a pleasant change, because the people there know the circumstances of our being there. In Newcastle upon Tyne where I am now there is no racialism at all. They are so friendly, without a streak of racialism, it's quite refreshing. As for the students in the University here, we all get on very well together. There is a very united feeling amongst ourselves. The fact to be borne in mind here I think is that people from all over the world come to this University and so it is quite cosmopolitan. I would conclude by saying that the situation is rather 'patchy' at the moment — relations between Indians and English being good here, while not so good in London. All that can be done I suppose is just get along as best as one can."

After hearing Deeksha, I decided to see for myself if there were any community problems when

Deeksha Chakrawarti, a university student: "The situation is rather 'patchy' at the moment — race relations are good outside London, not so good inside."

RIGHT : Mr. and Mrs. S. Razdan and daughters, grocery shop owners: "People outside London are more friendly."

an Indian member of the local community wishes to start some business, especially when he or she is in a minority. So I visited a grocery and general dealers store near a local town — Berwick upon Tweed, Northumberland, which is owned by Mrs. Shanta Razdan and her husband. Shanta and her husband have five beautiful daughters aged from 12 years to two years. She was busy making soup when I called upon her and she invited me into her home and offered me some to taste, which I must say was most delicious. Shanta comes from Kashmir, but lived for ten years in Bombay before coming to live in England. Her mother and other relatives still live in Bombay. I asked her how she liked living in England, and if she found the local people friendly towards her

GURDWARA SIRI GURU SINGH SABHA
THIS IS TO COMMEMORATE THE OPEN
CEREMONY OF THE GURDWARA
PERFORMED BY
STANLEY ERNEST BAILEY ESQ., QPM
CHIEF CONSTABLE OF NORTHUMBRIA POLI
22ND MAY 1977

RIGHT: and BELOW: The official opening of the Sikh Gurdwara in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

RIGHT: Chief Inspector Alan Bruce, official secretary of the Northumbria Police and Comunities Relations Group, formed in 1971. One of the NPCRG community emblems is on the facing page.

and her husband, as there weren't many Indians living in her area.

She told me, "For six years I lived in London. The people there I didn't feel were very friendly, I find them much more friendly here. We have an all-English staff working for us here in the business. They are very helpful and friendly. I don't have any problems with them. I also have two English tenants living on my property. They are very good to me, sometimes they even baby-sit for me if I want to go out with my husband in the evenings. We get lots of invitations to English social functions through our business. I don't always go, because I don't

like leaving the children long, but my husband always goes and gets on very well with the people on a social level.

"Most of our customers are English or Scots, and we do very good business here. We did have a shop in Edinburgh before we came her, and it was the same thing there, the people were very easy to get along with. I like it very much here and wouldn't want to leave. My five-year-old daughter attends the local school here, and I go to all the parents meetings held at the school, and get to know the other mothers there. The headmaster always makes me very welcome, my daughter seems quite happy, there are no racial problems there."

As many Indians in the larger cities are employed in transport jobs I went along to interview Mr. P. Bennett who is the Depot Superintendent for the Northern General Transport Co. Ltd. in Gateshead, Durham, which is just outside Newcastle upon Tyne. He told me, "I personally have had Indian nationals working at my depot with me since 1967, and during the last ten years the relationship between Indians and the locals here is extremely good, and I can't recollect any dispute between them. The Indian staff are certainly accepted by the English staff and they mix often on social occasions. They are certainly accepted by the travelling public and present no problems to the company with regard to their work, appearance or ability."

Recently, there was an official opening of the Sikh Gurdwara in Newcastle upon Tyne, where the Chief Constable of the city, Mr. S. E. Bailey was invited to perform the opening ceremony. Accompanying him was Supt. J. Dawson, who was presented with a ceremonial sword to mark the occasion.

I was able to speak to Chief Inspector Alan Bruce who succeeded Supt. J. Dawson as official Secretary of the Northumbria Police and Communities Relations Group, which was formed in 1971, and I asked him what part the police play in improving relations between the Indian community and the locals here.

He told me, "As secretary to this group I am directly responsible to the Chief Constable for all matters affecting police relations with minority groups in this area. I give lectures on race relations to all levels of police from initial recruits to Chief Inspectors at Police College level. The Communities Relations Group which consists of West Indians, Indians, Pakistanis, Bangladeshis, and others, meet every month at various police stations, temples, mosques, and other meeting places, and we generally discuss matters affecting the immigrant communities, such as racial harmony, employment, education, culture, etc. A member of each group acts as chairman by turn on a yearly basis. Each group is represented by two of their members, those members being nominated by the individual Associations. There is no doubt that the very close contact and personal relationships that have built up by the officers in my department over the years have done much to create the present excellent relations we now enjoy."

Another item of interest was that each of these groups has a Community Emblem, and has its own identity card, which is similar in nature to a police warrant card, and contains his photograph. Members are encouraged to assist their countrymen in their contact with the Police and in doing so use this means of identification.

Although I have found that in the smaller cities and towns, good relations exist between the local people and Indian communities, there is still a very great need for contact and communication to be developed in the larger cities, and it is only when people meet socially that vital knowledge about each other's way of life is gained.

RACISM IN ENGLAND:

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF LONDON

Lata Mani

Terminal 3, Heathrow.

"Air India announce the arrival of their flight AI 101 from Bombay, Rome and Frankfurt."

The Sikh cleaning lady, in a pink flowered salwar khameez, continues to push the mop listlessly and clumsily along the floor of the arrival lounge. She has not heard the announcement, it seems; or could it be that she does not understand? It is a Jumbo, and at any moment 285 passengers will make their way down long corridors into the immigration hall. Like sheep bound for the slaughter?

Meanwhile, a 1000 miles away in Bombay, another crowd would be besieging Santa Cruz Airport for a westbound flight to the U.K. For some it will be the beginning of bewilderment. Some others will wear the confident look of veteran travellers and stare with exaggerated disbelief at those who are fumbling.

Both are familiar scenes.

Until a few years ago, people in India would only ask very tentatively of persons coming from Britain, whether there was a racial problem there. And normally they would add, "But we don't suppose you've been affected by all that, seeing that you're educated?" Now the conversation usually begins with a cynical, "Looks like things are going to get worse. What do you think?"

One of the root causes of the racial problem could be the kind of ignorance that leads to questions like "Do you speak Hindu?" or, even, "Are you a Buddhu?"

It is always difficult to answer questions on racial prejudice. That there is racial discrimination, no one can dispute. It exists, like an undercurrent which, although it allows the mainstream to flow, recurs, making its presence felt every now and then.

While the concept itself can be quite simply understood — it basically springs from an innate sense of white superiority — not all the untoward incidents can be explained on the basis of this belief "white supremacy."

For instance, a lot of the surprise shown by the British at the performance of the simplest of tasks on my part was largely due to ignorance of life and lifestyles in India — an impression which neither tourist brochures nor articles in the daily press are going to change in a hurry.

It is this brand of ignorance that leads to questions like: "Do you speak Hindu?" The funniest such question I have heard yet is one that went: "Are you a Buddhu?" That, I replied, was a matter of opinion and spent a good part to the evening unravelling this bewildered friend's confusion over "Hindu" and "Buddhu."

But there are Indians too who add their bit with their sympathies on the side of the racialist British. There are many Indians who hold adamantly that there is no widespread discrimination in the U.K. and that they have never been victim to it. It is more than likely that such people shut themselves off to the subtle undertones in their interpersonal relationships with the British and make conscious efforts at keeping things on an even keel. I once overheard a smooth Indian accountant telling another, "I never listen to reggae music. I have a lot of white friends and I don't want to embarrass them."

(Reggae, incidentally, is an increasingly popular genre of black ghetto music, much of which comments openly on the oppressed lives of the black and third world people.)

Amazing as it might seem, there are those Indians, too, who hold that those who are victims of racial discrimination do deserve such treatment.

"It's these uneducated, low income groups who give us Indians a bad reputation abroad, you know," a businessman once said to me thoughtfully, as he picked up a salted peanut. "Now you take America, there's no colour problem there." (I did not dare mention the blacks or the near-extinct native American, lest I interrupted his train of thought.) "And that's because they have accepted only the cultured, intelligent, professional people. But in the U.K. it's the descendents of the indentured labourers from Africa who have gone in to the country in their hordes, crowded together, created ghettos and generated this racial tension."

He could almost be "white" in his bigotry and certainly he represents the worst kind of Indian.

It is true that the immigrants have tended to settle in clusters around the industrial areas (mainly for their employment prospects) and in every such area, the commercial activity is geared to fulfilling their needs — Indian shops, restaurants, "smells," cinemas and altogether a more visible Indian way of life. One can accept that this could make those natives already living there feel uncomfortable. One can also sympathise with the old lady who was terribly distressed that a disused Catholic Church in Southhall was converted into a cinema house for screening Hindi films. But is it not true that fresh immigrants and foreigners anywhere band together for comfort? What is even more pertinent, does not the British attitude reflect an intolerance? If, as citizens in a new country, the immigrants are expected to make necessary efforts to integrate, surely it is beholden on the British to play their part as hosts? It is no wonder that in the absence of any help from the British the immigrants have relied upon each other for tips and comfort.

Or, at least, those of their countrymen who are willing to put out their hand. Because, many an Indian in the U.K. is like the businessman quoted earlier in this piece. And like the Indian engineer from Hertfordshire, on to day trip to London, who said to me, "Never again London. Too many bloody Indians. Makes me feel uneasy."

If the local government authorities and the long-standing Indian residents had organised classes to school both the immigrants and the British, some of the problems could perhaps have been avoided. For example, the local authorities and the Indian community in Leicester have come together successfully to do just

this. The initial impetus was the alarmingly growing support for the National Front. Thanks to pamphlet distribution, vigorous door-to-door campaigning and advertisements in the local press, placing the problems of coloured immigrants in the political perspective, Leicester now enjoys a racial peace that is quite unique.

There are certainly encouraging lessons to be learnt from Leicester. But stories of areas existing in perfect racial harmony do not make "popular news items." The press thus continues to add fuel to the already inflamed situation . . . but cleverly. It denounces the National Front as "an extreme right wing organisation" but makes no attempt to refute the baseless fears they are spreading. Misconceptions therefore remain rife. Immigrants form but 3.4 per cent of the population and yet, to many Britishers, the threat of being "taken over" and "swamped by an alien culture" appears to be a very real one. It came as no surprise, then, that in a recent survey of school children, it was found that a majority believed immigrants to constitute more than a quarter of the population and some even thought them to be in the majority!

And so it is that the graffiti reads "Wogs out" and a lady I met insisted that the water shortage in Britain in the summer of 1976 was caused "by them bloody immigrants comin' over to our country and drinking all our water!"

Living in Britain and coping with this growing hysteria about the colour problem requires, apart from a certain brand of sophistication, a cool head and a basic self-respect. Most Indians are only too willing to denigrate themselves.

White people normally do not discuss the issue in the presence of coloureds. This is a great pity. For while it is very difficult to explain to angry landladies who do their own laundry, that Indians oil their hair as part of their tradition, or to explain to shocked nurses expected to remove lice from their patients' hair, that some Indian women do not know how to care for themselves, at least such an exchange would bring it all out into the open.

I remember one unpleasant incident that occurred when I landed at Heathrow after a holiday in India. The cab driver, overhearing my excited and happy account of the trip to a friend who had come to receive me, said acidly, "If you had such a bloody good time, why did you bother coming back?"

A few months ago, when I was all packed and ready to leave the troubled island permanently, I looked around hoping, by some twist of fate, to flag the same cabbie down. But he wasn't anywhere to be seen.

WORSENING RACE RELATIONS

Two reports on worsening race relations in England appeared in Indian newspapers within two days of each other. The first, on the National Front, appeared in the Indian Express of July 4, the report being filed by a special correspondent of the Express News Service in London. The second, which reported on an attack on Bengali workers in London, was a PTI report and appeared in The Times of India dated July 7.

The first report revealed that the National Front, an organisation which has vowed to keep Britain white, would prefer to kill immigrants rather than repatriate them to their original homes.

A Special Branch man, who had infiltrated the neo-Fascist organisation to know more about its activities, quoted its activists as saying that they would not "repatriate immigrants. It would be cheaper to kill them like Hitler killed Jews."

A TV station in London quoted the report in its popular World In Action documentary programme, based on the sworn statement of the infiltrator, and showed how the Front was systematically intensifying its activities and making a base for itself among the public.

What the infiltrator saw was maps with sites of future concentration camps for the re-education of those who do not agree with the Front's ideology or those who come in its way. At a meeting he attended as a dedicated Front man, German marching songs and Hitler's speeches were played. The Front is anti-Communist in ideology.

Those who have come in contact with the Front and its activities have confirmed that it has a clear Nazi touch and that it would not hesitate use violence of any kind to achieve its objectives.

The Front's immediate objective is to get rid of some 14 million Asians and West Indians settled in England. In the beginning its leaders had been asking the Government to send all non-whites back to their respective homes; since the Government did not listen to their demand, they have been indulging in threat campaigns and inciting misguided youths to beat up or stab any non-white they came across.

The TV commentator said that the Front intends to field some 300 candidates in the next general election. The programme featured a list of Front members convicted of violent crimes, including beating, wounding and stabbing. It also pointed out the names of those who have stood as candidates after being convicted.

Asked why the Front had put them up as candidates, the spokesman said none of them had violated the election law. However, one convicted National Front leader said that he was waiting for a chance to assassinate a political figure in Leeds. Leeds is the constituency of Home Secretary Merlyn Rees.

Significantly, Front candidates of late have given a good performance in by-elections. Although none of them have been able to enter Parliament, the fact that in some cases they have polled as many votes as Liberals is in itself alarming.

According to the second report, racial violence broke out again in London's troubled East End on July 6, resulting in serious injuries to a number of Asians.

The attack, by about 30 whites, using bricks, stones and bottles, came as Bengali workers of a local brewery were coming out after finishing their shift.

It appeared to be an organised assault, as two carloads of white men ambushed the Asians, who, as one eyewitness put it, just did not realise what was happening.

The Asians then retaliated but the whites disappeared before the police arrived on the scene.

"The place looked like a battlefield, with people sitting, nursing head and body injuries, and there was blood all over the road," the eyewitness said.

In recent weeks, the East End has been the centre of racial violence, with at least two reported murders.

Some of the injured Asians are recovering in a hospital.

The Scotland Yard ruled out the involvement of the extreme rightwing National Front, but it is known that Front members have been active in the area in recent months.

The Asian workers in the brewery were being given police protection. Two white youths were being questioned by the police.

Reuter adds: Two Bengalis, one with rib injuries and another with a suspected skull fracture were admitted to hospital following the attack.

The police said the attack might have been in retaliation for alleged damage to a white man's car at the brewery some days ago.

Devi

Rumours insist that Sanjay and Zeenat were about to get married, but decided to be considerate about Zarine's tender condition and postponed the date till her delivery, and now Zarine, at fourth try, has gone and produced a boy. A son in Hindustan changes destiny and maybe the marriage won't take place at all. A fourth daughter might have depressed Sanjay and film stars marry only

BOY FOR SANJAY, NO WEDDING

when they suffer from acute depression or hangover. The affair, which is a reality and not rumour, may also come to a dull end with aunty Zeenat, accompanied by Sanjay and the trio of daughters, trotting up to Zarine at Breach Candy Hospital etc. etc.

And now that Zeenat has shown whatever there was to show (nothing much) in Satyam Shivam Sundaram, wonder what will happen to her next release. The mystery is over in spite of the imported pep to her bust etc.

* * *

Tina Munim took extra tranquillisers at the premiere of Des Pardes and went to sleep. When she woke up, Tina was surprised to find that she was in the seven lakh per film bracket. So she again went back to sleep and did not even turn up for Somu Mukherjee's Fifty Fifty muhurat nor did she attend the muhurat party, she preferred to stand beside Dev Anand and receive the guests at an extra charity premiere of Des Pardes.

Tina's absence made Moushumi the only female star to have graced Shomu's party. She trotted about like a peahen, followed blindly by Meena, Vinod Mehra's wife.

Tanuja looked fresh after a forced nine month's rest (second baby girl) and Dimple followed Tanuja like a blind mouse, complete with Tanu holding her hand. Dimple's dimples on the cheek are turning into khaddas and Rajesh has cut his hair so short that it looks like he has borrowed a doodh-wala bhaiya's wig and he wore a tight fitting kurta which gave him quite a figure.

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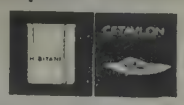

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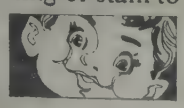

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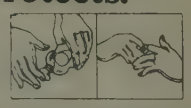

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INDIRA TRIVEDI:

BUSY BOOSTING TOURIST TRADE

With its infinite variety of scene and climate and its rich cultural heritage, India can achieve a much larger tourist trade and Mrs. Trivedi is devoting all her energy and enthusiasm to this purpose

The India Tourism Development Corporation has recently appointed a woman member from Delhi on its Board of Directors. She is Mrs. Indira Trivedi, a dedicated social worker with dynamic ideas for the future of tourism. Fond of travelling and visiting new places, Mrs. Trivedi sees India as a beautiful country which needs to be properly decorated and made attractive to draw more tourists.

Indira, who was teaching Economics in Delhi University till recently, says that she takes all her work seriously, whether it is teaching or social service. She is now studying books on tourism to learn more about the subject. "A new twist that I plan to give to our tourism policy is to put equal emphasis on domestic tourism as on foreign tourists. Another thing that I want to do is to make tourism available to middle class people. I feel that provision should be made for construction of Janata Hotels and also good coaches which are not very expensive. Efforts should also be made to make group tours more popular than they are now. But most important is the availability of low cost accommodation which is hygienically clean and tastefully decorated, so that middle class people are encouraged to venture out of their homes."

Mrs. Trivedi is also of the opinion that compact travelling should be made available to more people. That is, if people want to go and see Jaipur, they should also be able to see some places surround-the city. This added attraction, she feels, will help to draw more tourists to that particular city. The same thing can be done with other popular tourist resorts.

Indira has recently visited a few places with the idea of studying the possibilities of increasing the tourist trade in those places. "I think a woman has more aesthetic sense than a man and can definitely help with her ideas in the beautification of a place. Moreover, wherever I go now, I ask the visitors about any problems they have to face and their suggestions to overcome them. It helps me to get new ideas which I can put forward during board meetings."

Indira has always been interested in social work and is a very active member of various organisations around her colony. "I am deeply interested in helping the poor. Even when I was teaching, I used to give a part of my salary to poor people. I have always felt that I must do something for the Indian masses. But one life is not enough to achieve any concrete results," she says.

Education is Indira's first love and she makes it a point every day to visit some municipal schools in her neighbourhood and to solve their difficulties, if any. She also helps poor children with books and uniforms. She not only donates money herself, but also gets her friends to donate something for this good cause. "People give me a lot of support in everything I undertake," she says. "It is only a matter of taking the initiative. Once I start anything, people on their own come forward to help me."

Indira says that a few members of the Mahila Parishad of her colony, of which she is a very active member, go to nearby villages very often and tell the villagers about nutrition and cleanliness and also try and solve their various problems. Indira is the convener of the Kalkaji (a colony in South Delhi) Cricket Club and organises the Nehru Memorial Cricket tournament every year.

The Hava Mahal of Jaipur. Plans are afoot to make the city an even more attractive tourist centre.

Though Indira has always been involved in her social work, she says that she has never cared for publicity. "I have always avoided coming into the limelight, and I feel if one is really interested in doing some good work, one can do it without broadcasting it to everyone. The urge to help someone has to come from within. I get great satisfaction by helping a poor child or someone in need."

But at present, Indira is involved in tourism and cannot help talking about it and the plans she has for its improvement. "If one takes interest in a thing a lot can be achieved. I think being a non-official member also has its advantages, as I am free to give suggestions and also to criticise the policies I do not like. I strongly feel that something should be done about the beggars who swarm at the popular tourist resorts. It gives a very bad impression about our country. Then the hawkers are a nuisance, too. They quote such high prices and pester the tourists who are unable to deal with them or shake them off. I think proper shopping arcades should be built at all these places and prices of all the items should be fixed so that the tourists can look around and do their shopping in peace."

Indira is of the opinion that more importance should also be given to Indian types of entertainment in the hotels and restaurants. It should depict Indian culture and should be available at all places. "Efforts should be made to provide the tourists with local entertainment in all the States of India. For example, if some tourists are in Rajasthan, they should be able to see typical Rajasthani culture in the form of dance and music, and if they go to Gujarat, they should be able to see the culture of that State. We can even revive old festivals and try and attract more tourists during that time. There are so many new things one can do in this field, if only one can implement all one's ideas," she says.

Since Indira has not been in office for long, she is not sure how much she can achieve, but she has the desire and dedication to get results.

Jyotsana Kapoor

youth page

THE PARASURAM FAMILY QUARTET

With two violins, a mridangam and a ghata, this young quartet of three brothers and one sister has endeared itself to AIR listeners and Doordarshan viewers

Meenakshi Parasuram (extreme right) with her brothers Viswanath, Narayan and Sriram.

"When I was young I had quite a gruff voice, so my mother, a professional musician, introduced me to an instrument." The violin has been Meenakshi's favourite friend since that "meeting."

She has already given over 100 performances in various parts of India, accompanied by her brother, also a violinist. Music courses through the family's veins. Two of Meenakshi's younger brothers are adept at playing the **mridangam** and the **ghata**. This family quartet has endeared itself to AIR listeners and Doordarshan viewers. The four have been flooded with requests to give public performances, so many of which they have turned down.

And though Meenakshi wants to become economically independent as soon as she is able, "Money is not the motive for our performances," she says. "The performances do pay, but we enjoy music for the aesthetic satisfaction it gives us. It's a far more satisfying recreation than going to the movies," said Meenakshi.

She has been blessed with both nimble fingers and feet. For the past seven years she has been taking lessons in Bharata Natyam from the Rajarajeshwari Bharatha Natya Kala Mandir. But she prefers exercising her fingers rather than her feet. For she feels that violin playing is not at all hampered by the age of the player; it is one instrument that one can play as long as one lives. "For dance, the stature, figure, face are taken into consideration — how long can one remain young? But as long as you have your fingers you need never stop playing the violin, regardless of face or figure.

"Once you have learnt the basic finger techniques it is easy to teach yourself, it also becomes easier to improvise. . . Music is the same whether you reproduce it on the violin or the veena," says Meenakshi, who plays Carnatic music.

Meenakshi has a number of varied passions. Apart from the violin, she is very fond of chess and, at the moment, is fascinated by medicine. Studying for her first M.B.B.S. at the Grant Medical College, Meenakshi aspires to become a surgeon. "A person should be interested in diverse things," she believes.

And she has a keen competitive spirit. She has participated in cultural and intercollegiate meets and has won several certificates for her musical achievements.

ALPANA'S ARANGETRAM

Having learnt Bharata Natyam for five years, thirteen-year-old Alpana was the very picture of confidence at her **arangetram**. She managed to hold an appreciative audience for all of two-and-a-half hours with the ease and grace with which she executed **Jathiswaram, Varram, Shabdam, Tillana** and other intricate movements.

But, said Alpana Mehta she doesn't want to become a professional danseuse thank you very much. "I wouldn't mind joining a troupe now, as long as it doesn't affect my studies." One day this dance buff hopes to join the medical profession preferably as a heart surgeon.

In the meantime she is broadening her musical education by taking lessons in Hindustani classical music. She is more fond of dancing than singing though. "Maybe because I'm better at dancing," she smiled.

Reading Enid Blyton's books and getting involved in the Hardy Boy's adventures take up her spare time — that is when Alpana isn't playing badminton or chess or the harmonium or the tabla!

HIS OPINION

WITH APOLOGIES TO LEWIS CARROLL

When the Club of Old Fogies last met in the spring
To take, at their youngsters, a look,
A harassed old gentleman asked, "Should we bring
Our rowdy young offspring to book?"

At that, an old gentleman got to his feet,
And, taking a sniff at some snuff,
He foghorned a sneeze that was heard in the street
And asserted, "I think that is rough

On our youngsters, who bear us as well as they can,
And with but an occasional rage;
If we keep interfering, despoiling their plans,
Do you think we'd be acting our age?

"Let the youngsters enjoy all their 'Jerk' and their 'Shake'
While we give our old bones a repose;
YOU may join them if you, sir, don't mind the backache
And assorted headaches at the close!

"The string of old memories has broken, forsooth,
And the pearls seek their own nooks and crannies;
Let us dwell in the past — good old days of our youth,
Now that we're all grandpas and grannies!

"I propose, Mr. Chairman, we do not dispose!"
Said the gentleman, stroking his beard,
And he sat down and gingerly poked at his nose
While the granddads and grandmammas cheered.

Shirish Nadkarni

YOUNG IDEAS

Yards and yards of bright threads and attractive beads add up to these colourful accessories. Make ideal gifts for the young.

MULTICOLOURED HAIR BAND

Materials required :

Crochet hook no. 11, assorted colours of Coats Anchor Knitting Cotton Mercerised (6/50 gm. ball) — a product of Madura Coats. Small white beads and 1 cm. wide black ribbon to go around head.

Instructions :

Row 1: Chain 5.
Row 2: Join to form a circle.
Row 3: Do 10 single crochet into the circle.

Work petals as follows : * 5 double crochet in first chain, one single crochet repeat from * till 5 petals have been worked.

Fasten off threads at back. Sew tiny white beads in the centre of the flower.

Work 12 flowers or more as required. Stitch firmly on to the ribbon.

LONG CHAIN

Materials required :

2 assorted colours of Coats Anchor Knitting Cotton Mercerised (6/50 gm. ball) — a product of Madura Coats. 15 long beads and one press button.

Instructions :

Cut 35 strands measuring 112 cms. each. In contrasting thread in the centre bind 2½ cms. Then on either side leaving a gap of 8 cms. bind 2½ cms. in contrasting thread. Repeat once more.

On either side plait 18 cms. Bind 2½ cms. on either side leaving a tassel of 3 cms. Attach press button. Sew 15 beads — 3 on each binding.

PLAITED NECKLACE AND BRACELET

Materials required :

3 assorted colours of Coats Anchor Knitting Cotton Mercerised (6/50 gm. ball) — a product of Madura Coats and 2 press buttons.

Instructions :

Necklace

Cut 30 strands in each colour measuring 60 cms. each. With 90 strands make a plait measuring 35 cms. or the required length. Fasten off either side by tying a thread tightly around leaving a tassel of 4 cms. Sew one press button so that the ends cross over.

Bracelet :

Cut 30 strands in each colour measuring 35 cms. With 90 strands make a plait measuring 17 cms. or the required length. Fasten off either side by tying thread tightly around leaving a tassel of 4 cms. Sew one press button so that the ends cross over.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

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- ***Emami Cold Cream**
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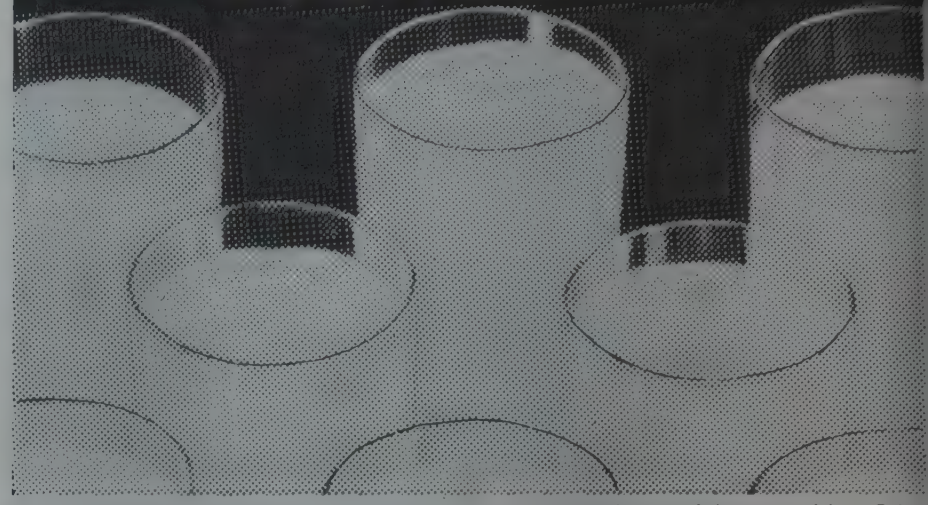
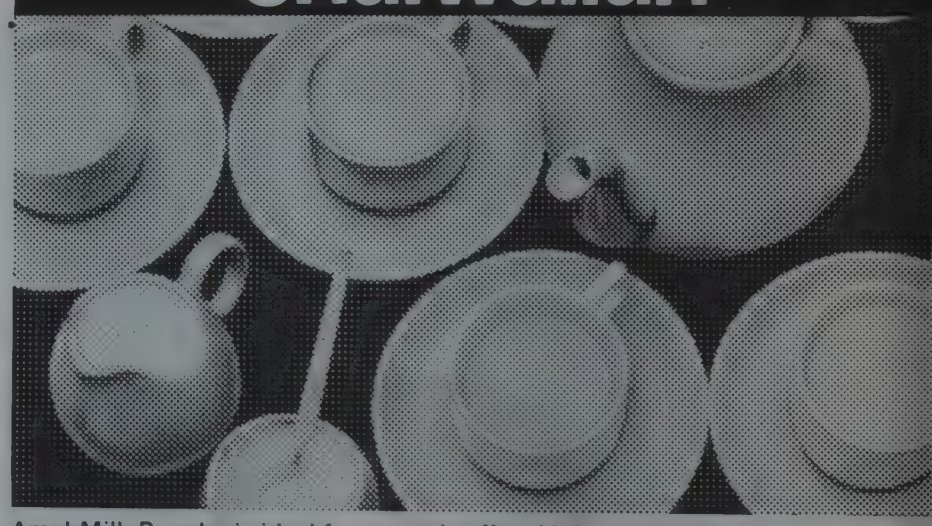
KC-1/78

AMUL–Your Dudhwallah



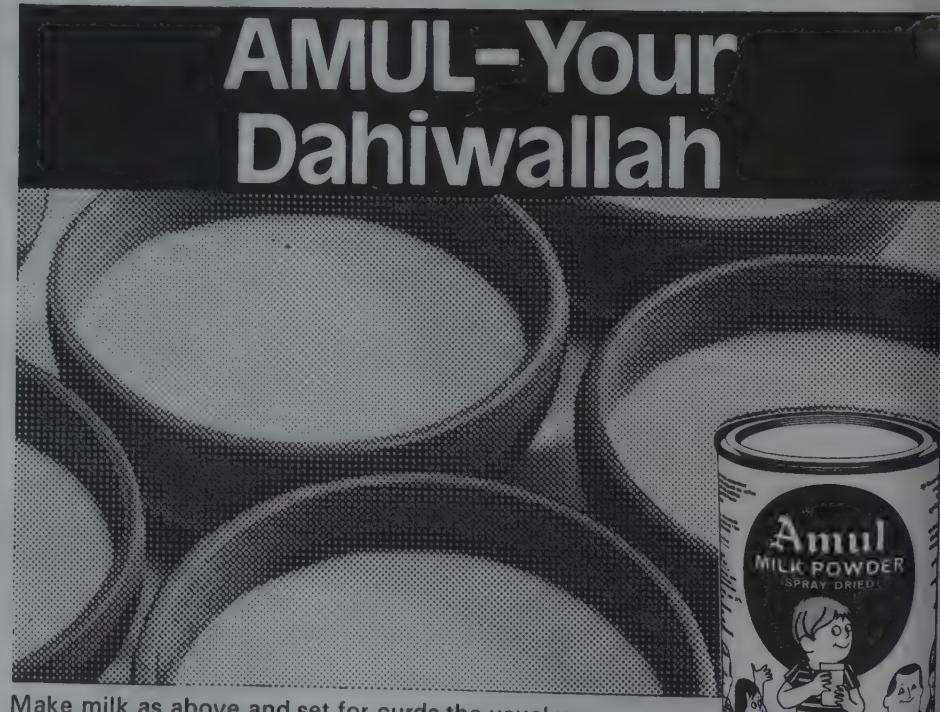
Put 2½ heaped tablespoons of Amul Milk Powder into a ¼ litre tumbler. Stir into a smooth paste with a little warm water. Add hot water up to top and stir. Your child's glass of milk is ready. (For detailed instructions see tin).

AMUL–Your Chaiwallah



Amul Milk Powder is ideal for tea and coffee. Make milk as above.

AMUL–Your Dahiwallah



Make milk as above and set for curds the usual way, as you would in the case of fresh milk.

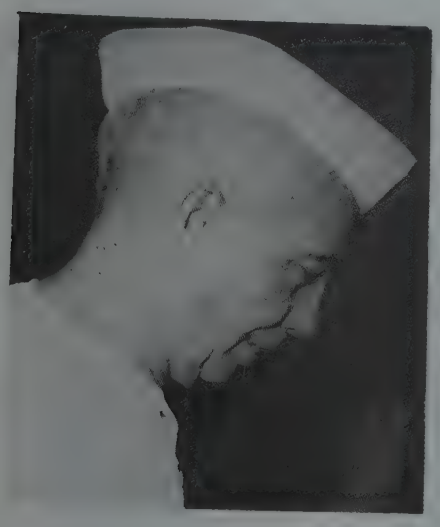
Amul Milk Powder

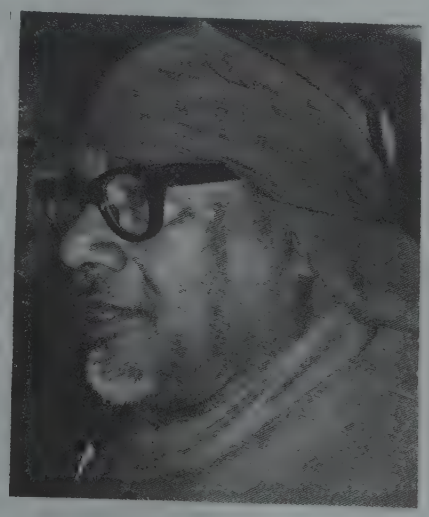
It's like having a dairy in your home

Marketed by: Gujarat Co-op. Milk Marketing Federation Limited, Anand.

There was nothing else the Prime Minister could do with Union Home Minister Charan Singh and Union Health Minister Raj Narain (both ex-now) except ask them to resign.

Quite obviously, Mr. Charan Singh, always an acerbic and suspicious person, was feeling that while he was the architect of the Janata party, he was being denied his rightful place in party affairs, that the Congress and Socialist groups were ganging up against him and trying to minimise the importance of his B.L.D. party.





Raj Narain was, of course, his master's voice, and was flinging charges and threats at Mr. Chandra Shekhar, President of the Janata Party, at the behest of Mr. Charan Singh convalescing at Suraj Kund. That he would be facing disciplinary action was certain, for no party could permit such blatant public criticism.

And when it came, Mr. Charan Singh could no longer keep himself behind the scenes. So he came into the open calling the government impotent and the show cause notice against his chela as the surfacing of a deep laid plot to get rid of him and his followers.

With their exit, the Janata Party is facing a crisis, as the B.L.D. is a very important component of the party and if all its members are loyal to their leader, they can make things uncomfortable for the Janata government.

• • •

There is much of the Scarlet Pimpernel in the escapades of Dr. Dharma Teja, one time atomic scientist, then shipping tycoon, then a fugitive from justice, and now a fugitive from income-tax authorities.

Constructive or criminal, what he does, he does on an epic scale. Having parlayed a personal investment of Rs 200 into the fastest growing shipping empire, the Jayanti Shipping Company, he left the country in a hurry when it was discovered that the rapid growth had left him incredibly rich and the concern insolvent.

After a long and costly legal battle fought in Britain, he was extradited and brought to India. He was sentenced to a three-year prison term.

He has made the front pages again — with an year-old news item! Thumbing his nose at the income-tax department, Inland Revenue, passport regulations, the Reserve Bank, Customs and immigration authorities, who were all supposed to prevent him from leaving India without paying the whopping Rs. four crores he owed in Income-tax arrears, he left India by plane on July 22, 1977. And we heard about it on June 19, 1978!

• • •

The dedicated and highly honoured dancer, Natraj Shanker Dev, passed away at the Doon hospital at the age of 68, as a result of a heart attack.

Trained in Kathak from the age of 18 by two talented gurus for as long as seven years and eight years respectively, Natraj Dev has given scintillating Kathak performances and his students are spread the world over.

In 1954, His Holiness Swami Sivananda of Hrishikhesh conferred on him the titles of "Nritya Kala Nidhi" and "Mridanga Aditya" for playing the mridanga for a continuous seven hours and then dancing for nine hours — all on the same day.

• • •

"A victory for democracy!" was how a leftist French newspaper described the engagement of 21-year-old Princess Caroline of Monaco with commoner Phillip Junot, 17 years her senior.

The course of democratic love too, did not, predictably, run a smooth course. Her parents had hoped their daughter would marry, if not Prince Charles of Britain, at least Prince Henri of Luxembourg. So, when they found her fascinated by the 38-year-old banker, they whisked her away so that they could not meet.

But the formula, "Out of sight, out of mind," did not work. Caroline was obstinate and finally wore down her parents' resistance. So by the time this is in print, Phillip and she would have been pronounced man and wife.

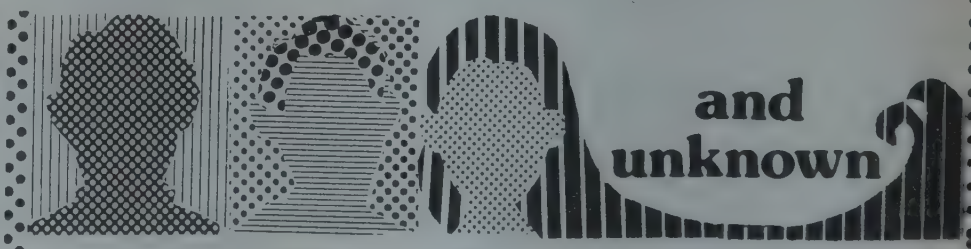
• • •

Billy is the black sheep of the Carter family and he glories and thrives on it. He is too fond of beer and is allergic to the dignity and decorum, befitting a President's brother. He has not made the slightest attempt to camouflage his resolve to make a fast buck by utilising his relationship with the President, and has made a packet by lending his name to a beer which sells under the brand name of Billy Beer.

Recently he celebrated the wedding of his 18-year-old daughter Jana with 19-year-old Johnny Theus, and President Carter attended with wife Rosalynn and daughter Amy.

The President's presence did not cramp Billy's verbal style. When someone asked him why his cousin Hugh Carter, who too had a shot at the easy buck by writing a gossip filled book on the Carter family, was not present, his ribald comment was that Hugh was "a self-made son of a bitch."

Having noticed the massive alcoholic supplies, the President left with his wife and daughter soon after the priest had intoned, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Then began a marathon session that continued till dawn — until every bottle of beer, whisky, champagne, wine, etc. was emptied. Even then Billy was too good a host to call it a day. So he and those who could still stand on their feet adjourned to a nearby hotel, where a free bar had been set up. Finally, Billy's and his friends' alcoholic appetite sated, he staggered home to sleep off the celebrations.



First it was Indian music, then it was yoga, and then Indian mysticism. Now it seems to be the turn of Ayurveda to attract restless American youth ever eager to explore new horizons of knowledge, feeling and experience.

The first American to take up Ayurveda is young, tall (6 ft. 3 in) and handsome Robert Edwin Svoboda, a B. Sc. from Oklahoma University. He had actually secured admission into a a medical college, but a trek in Africa aroused his interest in the medical properties of leaves, roots and herbs and the way elderly women there could cure many serious ailments.

This led to his interest in Ayurveda. He joined the Tilak Ayurvedic Mahavidyalaya, Pune, and with typical American zest learnt Sanskrit so well that the way he can reel off shlokas amazes even his teachers. And he stood first in the first year as well as in the second year of the B. A. M. S. examination of the Pune University.

He is now a strict vegetarian (since three and half years), and prefers to live on milk and fruits and is very fond of dahi. No smoking or drinking of course — not even coffee, tea or soft drinks.

Compiled by K. S. Rao

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

WHAT IS IT, EMILY? YOU LOOK SO DEPRESSED -
I'M IN A RUT -
I'M TIRED OF THE SAME OLD THINGS DAY AFTER DAY.... GET UP, CLEAN THE HOUSE, COOK THE MEALS, WATCH TV, GO TO BED ....
IT'S ALL SO DULL! I NEED NEW EXPERIENCES.... NEW CHALLENGES! ANYTHING TO GET ME OUT OF MY RUT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY -
IF IT'S BOTHERING YOU THAT MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN WITH HERBERT AND TELL HIM EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL?
I DID - LAST NIGHT!
WHAT WAS HIS RESPONSE?
HE SAID IF I WANTED A CHANGE HE'D LET ME TAKE OUT THE TRASH THIS WEEK -
!
4-2
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HA HA world of laughter

"How does one gain good pasture?" was the exam question. One country boy said: "Keep the cows off it and let it grow awhile."

* * *

The cocktail circuit reports that women fall into three categories in age: Looked at, looked-over and overlooked.

* * *

A certain film producer was well-known for always belittling any suggestion from his associates. One day he was taken ill and left the set. Hardly had he gone, when someone hung up a sign:

"In case of fire, do not call the fire brigade. Just call for our producer and he'll throw a wet blanket over it."

* * *

"A collar for your husband, madam? Yes — what size?"

"Damned if I know. But measure my hands — they can just reach round his neck."

* * *

"How did you enjoy the bridge party last night?"

"It was just fine till the cops came and looked under the bridge."

* * *

He was practising on the saxophone late at night when the landlord came in and said: "Do you know there's a little lady sick upstairs?"

"No, hum a little of it."

* * *

Teacher: "John, name one important thing we didn't have 50 years ago."

John: "Me."

* * *

An Indian named Big Smoke served as a missionary in his tribe. Once asked what he did for a living, the Indian replied,

"Humph! Me preach."

"That's so? What do you get for preaching?"

"Get ten dollars a year."

"Well, that's damn poor pay."

"Umph! Me damn poor preacher."

* * *

The new maidservant embarrassed her mistress by using big words.

"If you please, madam, there's a mendicant at the door."

"Well, tell him there's nothing to mend."

* * *

Shopgirl to manager: "I'm leaving. I want a job where the customer isn't always right."

Manager: "What job do you have in mind?"

Shopgirl: A police woman."

* * *

My psychiatrist was in A rather jolly mood.

I asked him how was business,

He replied, "Sofa so good."

* * *

A man who had been keeping company with a girl for a number of years took her out one night to a Chinese restaurant. "How would you like your rice?" he asked. "Fried or boiled?"

She looked at him and said very distinctly, "No—thrown."

* * *

Mistress (to new maid): "Sally, we shall need a new griller in the kitchen."

Seeing Sally's incredulous look she said:

"You know what a griller is, I suppose?"

Sally: "Certainly I do—it's a big hairy monkey, and if you're having one in the kitchen, I'm leaving."

* * *

A publisher once went to France
In search of a tale of romance.
A Parisian lady
Told a story so shady
That the publisher made an advance.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

REENA ROY:

TOO BUSY TO MARRY

Jyothi Venkatesh

Whether it was during those days when she was an also-ran or now when she is running faster and faster in the stardom sweepstakes, Reena hasn't changed a wee bit. She continues to be a delight to interview. And every other male scribe subscribes to the same view. As she herself says, "I get along well with male writers because they aren't bitchy and hence I can be frank with them. I have to be on my guard when I am being interviewed by women."

Today Reena is more confident of herself. She is no longer chaperoned by her sister Barkha, who at one time was even dubbed by scribes as Reena's mouth-piece.

"Barkha doesn't accompany me these days because she is busy with my brother Raja's film "Muqabala". It is true that in the beginning when I was a raw newcomer, I used to drag Barkha along to every set and even thrust her forward when journalists came to interview me."

Getting typed is an occupational hazard in the film industry, but Reena is resolved to shed her sexy image

The credit for Reena's amazing transformation from a nervous novice into a thorough professional should undoubtedly go to Shatrughan Sinha. Though "Milaap", their first film together, flopped miserably at the box-office, and almost wrote off the pair from the box-office charts, both "Kalicharan" and "Vishwanath" have consolidated their position as a star pair.

Apart from Shatrughan Sinha, Reena also raves about Sunil Dutt. In fact, before Shatrughan Sinha entered her life, she was hailed as the protege of Sunil Dutt.

"I will always remain grateful to Dutt Saab for having furthered my career during the days of my struggle," she said.

No wonder in "Muqabala" both Sunil Dutt and Shatrughan Sinha, her two favourites, are pitted opposite each other.

Almost every director you bump into in the industry speaks highly of Reena Roy. Everyone concedes that she is a hardworking girl and deserves her success. When Rekha played hard to get even after agreeing on her dates for Ved Khanna's "Insaan", Narendra Bedi replaced Rekha in the film by Reena Roy.

Even though Reena hasn't yet been teamed with Amitabh Bachchan in any Hindi film, they are working together in a Punjabi film, "Vilayati Babu", reportedly being produced by Reena herself. She says, hopefully, "If "Vilayati Babu" turns out to be a hit, producers may sign Amitabh Bachchan and me for their ventures, like they started signing Shatrughan Sinha and me after "Kalicharan" clicked at the box-office."

Reena wants to do only serious roles because she feels that emotional roles are her forte. "I am fed up doing glamorous roles in film after film where talent has necessarily to take a back seat. But then that is the order of the day as far as commercial films are concerned. And I have got to accept the roles if I want to swim with the tide."

Reena is so embarrassed with her sexy roles that she does not take her mother along with her to the films in which she has acted though "she keeps on asking me to show her my films."

"I want to do different types of roles instead of being saddled with the same kind of role in every other film of mine right from "Zaroorat". I do not want to get typed. I almost escaped being typed after my bow in "Zaroorat" in which I had to subject myself to a lot of cleavage show."

Reena brushes aside rumours that she has plunged into matrimony with Shatrughan Sinha. "Marriage isn't in my mind at the moment. My career has started picking up only now and hence I have an added incentive to consolidate my position. It would be suicidal on my part to think of marriage at this stage."

Who says that our stars, especially females, do not possess a sense of humour? Reena does, like she says, "Even if I decide to get married, tell me where is an eligible man? Every guy I bump into these days seems to me to be a born flirt. In fact, I am tempted to think that flirting has turned out to be the ruling passion with our males."

Will she quit films after marriage? "I do not want to proclaim right now that I will quit films after my marriage and then try to make a come-back after the marriage turns out like those of some of the female stars. I do not intend to quit films now when the going is good, and after marriage I have decided to accept only serious roles. Like the one Jaya Bhaduri did in "Mili" or the one Raakhee did in "Tapasya".

"Each and any role will not do for me. Basically the Indian male is touchy and possessive about his wife and wouldn't relish seeing her being touched by other males, even if it is only for the screen."

Photographs: Qureshi-Shukla

A LIVING DEATH

Himanshu Joshi

(Translated from the Hindi by Jai Ratan)

N this place too Suman does not feel quite at home; she feels drained out all the time. "You should put on weight," the doctor tells her. "I find you're instead losing weight day by day. Go out for a walk. Others do. Why don't you? You don't take your medicine on time, nor do you chat with others. A little gossip now and then should help to divert your mind."

But she never pays any heed to what the doctor says. There is a letter from mother almost every week, each letter saying the same thing over and over again. Her father writes long letters to her, making a critical probe into the state of her health and extensively dwelling on the line of treatment. It beats her completely how, not being a doctor himself, he can analyse the doctor's findings. His being rated high as a lawyer does not entitle him to encroach on another's profession. Every month Ajju sends her some money from his allowance and warns her not to tell father about it. In his letters he frequently mentions that with her going away, the house feels lonely and forlorn, and assures her that he will visit her at least once during his vacation. Would she like him to send her some interesting books?

Her eyesight has become dim and everything looks hazy to her. She keeps counting on her fingers. How much more time must pass before the year runs out?

When the year is over, Thakur Saheb, whom she calls uncle. will hold the death anniversary and make oblations to the shades of the dead while Aunt Kosi will take her holy bath before sunrise and make the offering of a chappati to the cow. In her eyes there will be the fading red of the evening sky.

* * *

One hand resting upon the other, Thakur Saheb heaves a deep sigh and keeps looking into the distance as if searching for something there. "Anant's mother, by dying he has become immortal," he says. "Why do you trouble his soul by shedding tears over his passing away?" Then he mumbles, as if talking to himself, "The wretch, he has betrayed me in my old age. He must have settled scores with me for some misdeeds of my past life."

* * *

"Anant, don't tell lies. Tell me the truth. Do you ever get hiccups? Do you have to do parade every day?"

"Yes, everyday."

"And you have to do mountain climbing too?"

"Yes, that too."

"It must be awfully tiring, making your knees wobbly with pain?"

He looked at her and nodded.

"And when you're tired, I mean, when you're exhausted with fatigue. . ." she abruptly stopped speaking.

"Yes?"

"Oh, it's nothing."

She started laughing though he could see no reason for it.

"Sometimes I seem to go nuts," she said. "I sit alone and keep brooding for hours till I feel like crying. You're heartless. Why did you call me 'cat' in your last letter? Care to have a paan?"

"No."

"Why not? When you were here you used to take paan everyday."

"I've given up paan chewing. It's bad for the teeth. Cadets. . ."

"Are cadets not human beings?"

"Yes, that's what I really mean. They are human beings, not animals. They don't chew the cud."

Suman did not feel peeved at being vanquished; she felt rather pleased. How clever he had become! He had come after a long time and in his absence she had also changed a lot. Sometimes when she lapsed into a thoughtful mood she looked mature beyond her years.

She held out a paan before him. "Please. . ."

Without further ado Anant took the paan from her and put it into his mouth.

"Are there no paan shops in Dehra Dun?"

"Of course, there are," Anant laughed. "Lots and lots of them. Why not come to Dehra Dun and have a look for yourself?"

To some, love is their whole life, and when the object of their love is gone, the trauma can be shattering—both mentally and physically

"I like Dehra Dun."

"Have you ever been there?"

"No, but I know I'll like it. Sometime one likes a place even without having visited it."

They moved away from the paan shop.

"Last month someone mailed me a love letter," Suman said, as if speaking to herself.

"Really? Who?"

"A classmate of mine."

"What did he write?"

"A lot of interesting things."

"They must have done your heart good. I mean, you must have felt fine."

"No, I didn't like the letter."

"Did it make you angry?"

"No, not angry either. In fact, I felt nothing. Believe me, it's God's truth."

"You're indeed a strange creature — that you should feel nothing."

Subsequently, Anant visited Delhi two or three times. But on completion of his training, when he passed through Delhi on a week's joining time she happened to be away at Pushkar with her grandfather. It was in Rajasthan that she saw camels running on sand for the first time.

When she returned, her mother told her that Anant had called in her absence and shown her a camera which took coloured photographs. He had fixed some coloured photographs in her album. When she took out the album to examine the photographs, she found that one of her passport size photographs was missing.

A few months later she received a letter from Anant, which said little to any purpose, but was loaded with such inanities as that she should apply her mind to studies, that she should try to do without paan if she could, and what she proposed doing after her examination, and so on. She remembered that he had also written her a letter on her passing her Matriculation. Then there had been a long gap followed by another letter.

She counted on her fingers. Yes, that was the one.

"I'll complete one year's duty in December and then come home on leave. I'm thinking of going to Nainital to see the winter snow. Why don't you come along? It will be such fun. I've already made up my mind. Tell me, if I make you a lieutenant's wife without any effort on your part, how will you reward me for it?"

When Anant came home on vacation and bragged about the Army people, she said that she did not like Army folk. They were so rough.

"Maybe," Anant had replied in a matter of fact voice. "But tell me, why do you keep your hair unkempt — like a lunatic? Why don't you tie it in a bun like a civilised girl? You should wear a matching blouse with your saree. The lieutenant I've been telling you about has an aversion for untidy persons. You must pay heed to what the future C-in-C of India says. Go and spruce yourself up. We're going to the pictures."

She lingered at the door and looked back. "I also keep persons of such type at arm's length," she said. "I'm cut out to be a school mistress. You'll help me to get a teacher's job, won't you?"

"If it's a job you're hankering after, what stands in your way of serving a lieutenant? Ten rupees a month. Food and clothing free!" Suman made a face at him. "You think that's all a nice girl like me deserves to get? You should feel ashamed of yourself."

'You call yourself nice?" Anant ran to her and pulled at her unkempt hair.

"Leave me alone you brute! You've messed up my hair. Is this what they teach you at the Academy?" Her face had turned the colour of sindoor. She wiped it with the anchal of her saree and ran away.

* * *

Suman has brought that old album with her and keeps her eyes glued to it, unaware of the passage of time. Her mind feels cramped between the narrow walls. The medicine bottles lie on the table by her side in complete disarray and their smell makes Suman feel uneasy.

She rises from her bed and, walking to the verandah on her bare feet, leans against a pillar. The rain which has been falling incessantly for the past seven days has ceased, but the sky is still murky like a muddy pool and the day is foggy. She can see puddles of water all over the place. The verandah looks soggy and her clothes have gone limp and smell of dampness. And yet people say that she is living in a nice place!

"Sister, does the weather here never improve?"

The ward sister walks past her on measured steps, without stopping to talk to her. After walking a few steps she looks back and smiles. Suman has never liked her smile.

Suman's left foot has started swelling. She walks shakily with a limp and squirms with pain if she happens to put her weight on the swollen foot. Pulling up a cane chair she gingerly lowers herself into it as if fearing that she would sink into it, and would never be able to rise again.

* * *

The postman seemed to have turned hostile to her, for he never brought her a letter from Anant. Uncle always looked dejected. In the afternoon when Aunt came to sit with mother, she suddenly burst out crying for no apparent reason. For that matter, Suman also felt out of sorts again for no reason that she could understand. Then mother's voice came floating above Aunt's crying: "Suman, where are you? Inder has been clamouring for tea. You know the maid-servant has not come today. All right, clean up the kitchen, instead. I'll boil the water for tea."

"Mother, you keep on harping about the kitchen, while one military post after another is slipping out of our hands," Suman said in a sharp voice. "We are being beaten back all the time. The nation's prestige is at stake and you. . ."

Mother suddenly retired into her shell, and as was her habit, she got down to her chores without demur.

A babble of sounds came floating down to them from the other end of the road. Then she saw some people together, as if tied up in a knot, blocking the traffic on the road.

"Dhola outpost!" They all listened with bated breath. "In spite of night long heavy shelling our jawans are holding on to this post by the skin of their teeth."

Uncle's pupils suddenly seemed to disappear; only the whites showed. Aunt swallowed hard at her food.

Father looked lost all the time. Sitting cross legged, he absentmindedly pulled at his cigar. "Today I took up a wrong line of defence," he said in a listless voice. "The judge gave a decision against my client. Suman, why do you keep clinging to the radio set day in and day out? It looks

Continued on page 27

FASHION O

WIN-A-W

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

We are informed by several readers that they were unable to start collecting the coupons from the beginning of this Contest. Therefore, to enable more readers to participate, we are hereby revising the rules; those who have missed out on the earlier coupons will now be eligible to participate in the draw if they collect two coupons each from this month onwards upto the twelfth feature (in November). This will give them a renewed chance to collect the minimum of 10 coupons necessary to qualify for the draw.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

'HE MONTH
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A LIVING DEATH

Continued from page 23

iike you've given a complete go-by o your studies. Oh yes, what's he latest news, child? What about Walong? I've never faced such a crisis in all my life. I've not had a wink of sleep for the last three nights. Without timely foreign help our defences are bound to crackup."

Mother was barely literate and completely innocent of English. She didn't open her mouth before father. When he launched upon a criticism of the government's policy in an impassioned voice, bringing out subtle points, everything went over her head. But she kept on looking at him and nodding her head as if she understood everything.

"Summi, fix up a tray of tea and have it sent over to Thakur Saheb's house," mother said vacantly looking ahead of her. "I hear their servant has deserted them."

Then she scanned father's face. "Any news about Anant?" Hardly a fortnight had passed when Chhaddu, an apron resting over his shoulder, stealthily entered father's study.

"Saheb!"

Father, who was deeply engrossed in studying some law book, wet his finger with the tip of his tongue and after turning the page placed it on the page as a book-mark and looked at Bhaddu.

"Hazoor, Thakur Saheb's house is locked," the servant informed father.

"Hm!" Father grunted as if waking up from sleep. "Which Thakur Saheb?"

"Our neighbours, who else? Anant's father."

"Why, what's happened?"

"I hear they have gone to Hardwar to take a dip in the holy Ganga. There was a parcel of clothes that they had received from somewhere. There was a telegram too."

Father's eyes widened in alarm and the lines on his forehead deepened.

"Oh, God!"

* * *

"What's wrong with you, Summi? Why don't you eat?"

"Why do you sit alone?"

"Your looks cause a scare in my heart. What's eating you?"

"You run a temperature day and night. The doctor says that..."

"Why don't you speak?" Doctor Ghoshal asked in his pidgin Hindustani. "If you don't want to speak, then laugh, cry, do anything. If you don't it'll have a bad effect on your heart."

Mother clung to her and wailed, "What's happened to you, child?"

Suman's tongue was parched and stuck to her palate. She sat there looking utterly lost. Her eyes remained wide open and yet she seemed to see nothing.

A pall of gloom seemed to be hanging over the crowd on the road. The windows of the house in front were open again through which one could see Thakur Saheb, his hand resting on his balding head. His interest seemed to be centered on his radio set.

"Anant's mother," he said. "I've a hunch that the telegram was wrong. In a big battalion there can be many persons of the same name. There can be some mix-up in conveying the news."

Aunt made no reply as if she had lost her power of speech. "You've even cast away my son's clothes," she said at last in a plaintive tone. "You should have left something for me to remember him by."

* * *

Suman's bare feet seem to have frozen on the floor. A tingling sensation runs through them as if countless needles have pricked them at the same time. Bending her leg at the knee she reaches for her foot which has turned cold like ice. As she examines her foot she discovers, as if anew, that one of her toes is longer than the big toe. She recalls that once Anant had told her in a playful mood that those who have a toe longer than the big toe die before their time.

Who cared as to who died early and who died late? She rested her head on the railing of the balcony and did not know when the duty nurse led her in and put her to bed. "You've again forgotten to take your medicine," the nurse reproved her.

Dr. Ashraf who was passing by stopped to look in.

"You've not even touched your fruits." There is a frown on his face. "The whole lot has gone bad."

Suman's gaze is fixed somewhere in the distance.

"You must make an effort to change. Otherwise this treatment is not likely to do you any good," Dr. Ashraf warns her as if for the last time. "Your father keeps worrying about you and your mother has become ill because of you." He raises an accusing finger at her. "How long can you continue like this?"

Before the doctor completes his sentence, she gulps down a doze of medicine. He looks at her indulgently and pats her on her shoulder. "You're so sensitive. Aren't you related to Dr. Bhandari?"

She nods her head.

"Yes, he told me about you," he says as if trying to recollect something. "Well, you must go out for a stroll from tomorrow. Right? And listen to the radio to beguile your time. Read the magazines also. A little talking will do you no harm. Brooding will only make you worse."

The doctor is right in what he had said, Suman thinks. She must take herself in hand. Of late she has started thinking of death. She just lies sprawled in bed, then she tries to read or turn on the radio. But nothing seems to help. Not even a chat with the nurse. She feels dithery and restless as before. Her head feels heavy as if another headache is coming on.

Her hand gropes for something under the pillow and it comes out holding the folded sheets of a newspaper. She is surprised that she has gone without a newspaper for a long time.

Her eyes run down the columns of the newspaper. At the top there is a news item relating to joint air exercises, followed by the speech of a foreign dignitary. She turns the page and her eyes land on a text bordered by thick black lines. She brings the newspaper closer to her eyes and reads: "In memory of our only son, Anant..."

Suman closes her eyes and tears roll down her cheeks. One year Really, has one more year rolled by?

PAPAYA—
a taste with a difference

One of the most nutritive fruits we have is the papaya. Available almost throughout the year in various varieties—Honey Dew, Washington and Ranchi—papayas, both ripe and raw, can be made into jams, chutneys or transformed into delicious vegetable dishes.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

The papaya contains about 2000 international units of vitamins A and about 45 to 50 milligrams of vitamin C per 100 grammes. Most other fruits such as apples, peaches, pears are poor in these vitamins. Therefore the papaya is good for eyesight and to avoid night blindness.

Besides its nutritive value, papaya is an excellent meat tenderiser. While cooking, you can shred pieces of raw papaya and cook meat along with them on a low fire for a while. It has an enzyme called papain. This enzyme attacks the tough proteins of meat and breaks them into smaller molecules, thus softening the meat.

The papaya is best used as fresh fruit, but care should be exercised in buying the fruit. Don't be always tempted by yellow coloured papayas. Press and see if your thumb makes an impression. The wholesalers in their eagerness to make a fast buck often change the green of the raw papaya into yellow artificially. It is best to buy the papayas when the green colour has broken and a yellow patch has appeared. Wrap each fruit in a paper and leave it for 3-4 days. When the fruit is beautifully orange in colour and yields to slight thumb pressure, it is ripe. Keep in the refrigerator for a few hours before you serve.

Raw papayas are also used as a vegetable and here are some recipes for using papayas this way.

PAPAYA JAM

1 kg papaya pulp
1 kg sugar
4 grams citric acid
or 4 tbsps. of lime juice

Peel the papaya, remove the seeds, etc. Cut it into very small pieces. Place the papaya and sugar in alternate layers in a pan and crush it with a mug or a laddle. Cook on a low fire till the sugar dissolves. Then let it simmer till the setting point is reached. Just before it, add citric acid dissolved in a small quantity of water, or add lime juice instead. Remove from fire when the jam falls in sheets from a raised spoon. It should not fall in drops like a syrup.

Pour the jam in bottles. Allow it to set. Replace the cap and screw it up tightly.

PAPAYA MORABA

1 kg papaya (peeled)
1 tsp. milk
1½ kg sugar
10 grams cardamom seeds
1 lime
Enough water

Use slightly ripe papaya. Peel and grate it. Boil the sugar and water to make a syrup. Add milk and remove the scum that rises to the top. Add grated papaya and stir continuously till the syrup is thick. Remove from fire. Stir in the lime juice. Add cardamoms; store in sterilised jars.

PAPAYA CHUTNEY

¼ kg green papaya
50 grams tamarind
50 grams jaggery
2 cms (about 1") ginger piece

2-3 green chillis
10-15 raisins
¼ tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. red chilli powder
Salt to taste
1 tsp. oil

Cut the papaya very finely after removing the peel. Pressure cook the pieces just five minutes in one fourth cup of water. Quickly remove the pressure by keeping under running water. On a clean dry cloth, spread the pieces to cool. Wipe well and keep aside. Soak the tamarind in one cup of hot water for half an hour. Extract a thick pulp and add crushed jaggery to it. Wash and scrape ginger; finely chop green chillis and ginger. Heat oil and splutter mustard seeds. Add papaya pieces, salt, turmeric, red chilli powder, chopped ginger, green chillis and the tamarind-jaggery pulp. Cook for five minutes. Pack hot into a sterilised jar. Cool and keep in the refrigerator.

PAPAYA SABZI

250 grams raw papaya
¼ tsp. mustard seeds
A pinch of turmeric powder
¼ tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste
½ lime
1 tbsp. oil

Peel the papaya and grate it. In hot oil, splutter mustard seeds. Add grated papaya, salt, turmeric and chilli powders. Mix well and let it cook on low fire. This sabzi does not require any water and will cook in its own moisture. When the sabzi is ready, fry a little and add lime juice. Serve as a side dish. This can be served cold as a salad also.

STUFFED PAPAYA

A small raw papaya
3-4 boiled potatoes
1 big onion
½" piece ginger
1 green chilli
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
¼ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. garam masala powder
½ tsp. amchur powder
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped

Peel the papaya. Remove the top portion in such a way that it can be used as a lid. Remove the seeds. Wash and keep aside. Chop onions, ginger, green chilli and lightly fry in oil. Add all dry masalas, mashed potatoes and chopped coriander leaves. Mix well and fill in the papaya. Fix the lid with the help of toothpicks. Place it in a kerahi with hot oil and keep it on low fire. Turn sides in between so that it gets cooked on all the sides. Cut into pieces before serving.

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PAPAYA DRINK

¾ kg papaya puree
¼ kg sugar
1½ litre water
Juice of one lime (optional)

FOR THE PAPAYA PUREE:

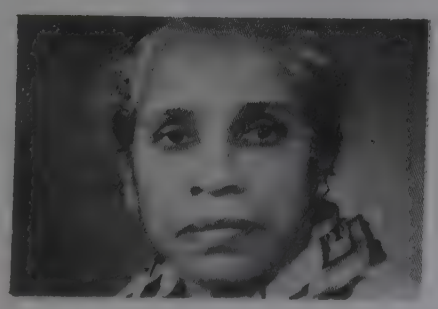
Carefully select mature ripe papayas. They should not be overripe. Wash them well. Peel them. Cut the fruit in halves. Remove seeds. Cut the fruit into pieces. Put these pieces in an electric blender and make a fine pulp of the same. Pass the pulp through a sieve.

In making the drink, add sugar, puree and water in a stainless steel pan. Now agitate and mix well. Cool the beverage and serve. It makes a very refreshing drink. Add lime juice before serving.

Duru Jagtiani

(Author of "Chutneys and Pickles of India" and "Jams, Squashes and Marmalades", published by India Book House)

COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH



Mrs. E. Chand Mal of U.P. wins Rs. 100.00 for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 210 mm Fry Pan from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from Weikfield, a Supercook Gas Tandoor with two skewers from M/s Globe Super Parts and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

VERMICELLI PULAO

400 grams vermicelli
2 large onions, chopped
1 pod garlic, chopped
2 coconuts, scrapped
2 bay leaves
6 cloves
A stick of cinnamon
2 large cardamoms
A few cashewnuts (optional)
A little saffron
1 tbsp. rose water
2 tsps. salt
2 tbsps. of ghee

FOR THE MEAT BALLS:

400 grams minced meat
½ tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
2 tsps. salt
2 green chillis, chopped
2 large onions, chopped
1" piece ginger, chopped
1 large pod garlic, chopped
1 bunch coriander leaves, chopped
¼" cinnamon
½ coconut, scrapped
2 cloves
1 tbsp. poppy seeds
50 grams gram dal
Juice of 1 lemon
Oil for frying

Wash the minced meat and grind with the salt, chilli powder and turmeric. Add two tablespoons of water and boil. When the water dries up, add chopped onions, green chillis, garlic, ginger, coriander leaves and coconut scrappings. Fry till dry. Grind this mixture well along with the rest of the condiments, poppy seeds and gram dal. Add the lime juice. Shape into marble size balls and fry in hot oil. Keep aside.

FOR THE PULAO:

Add half pint of water to the two scrapped coconuts and extract thick milk. Add more water and extract as much milk as possible.

Place a pan on the fire and put in the ghee. Fry the cashewnuts slightly brown. Add all the condiments. When red, add the onions and garlic and fry till brown. Add the vermicelli with the 2nd extraction of coconut milk and salt. Cover the pan. Mix often. When the water dries up add the thick coconut milk, mixed with the rosewater and saffron. Cover and cook until you get a good aroma. When ready, add the meatballs gently into the pulao and serve.

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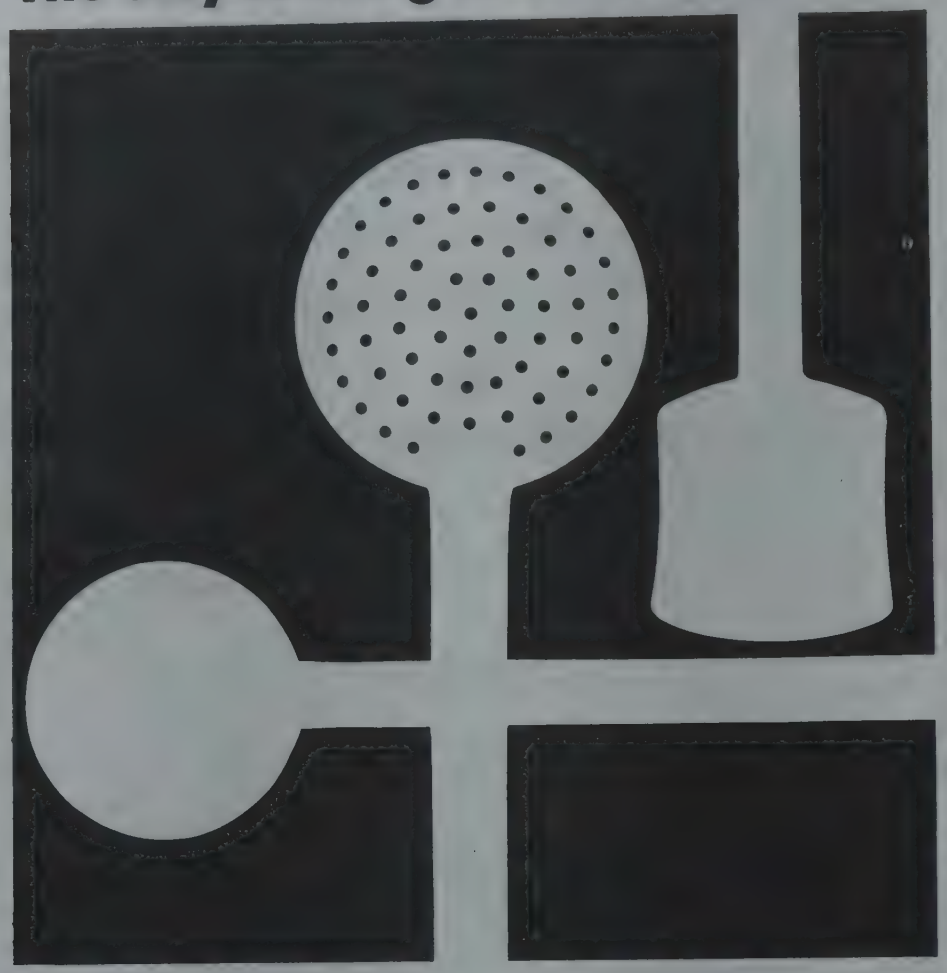

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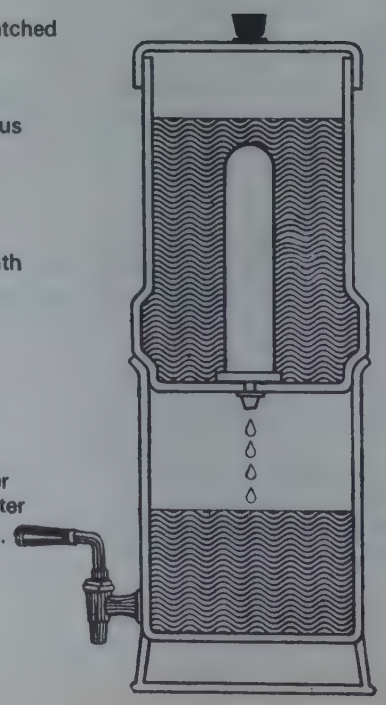

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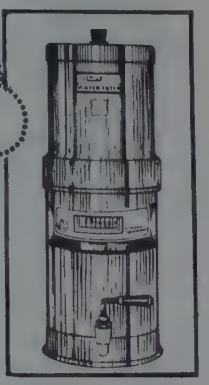

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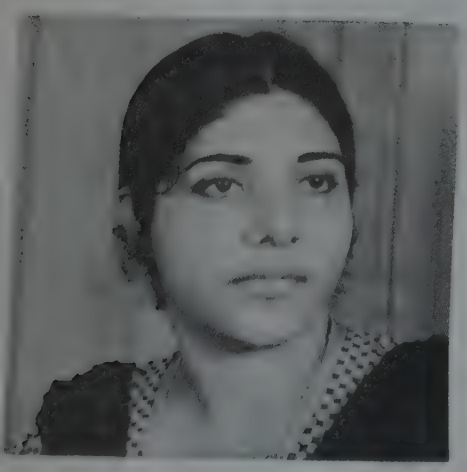
recipes from our readers

Miss Rukhsana Vazir, Bombay.

FISH COCONUT CUTLETS

1 cup fish, cooked and flaked
½ coconut, grated
Juice of ½ lemon mixed with ½ tsp. sugar, and ¼ tsp. salt
2½ cups potatoes, mashed
Oil for frying
3 eggs
Pepper to taste
3 green chillis, finely chopped
Chopped mint and coriander leaves

Mix together coconut fish, lemon juice, chillis, coriander and mint leaves. Mix the mashed potatoes with salt and pepper till smooth. Divide mashed patato into equal portions. Fill center with coconut and fish mixture. Shape into round cutlets. Beat egg whites till very stiff. Add in yolk and mix well. Heat oil in a frying pan, dip each cutlet into egg and fry till golden brown. Serve with chilli or tomato sauce.



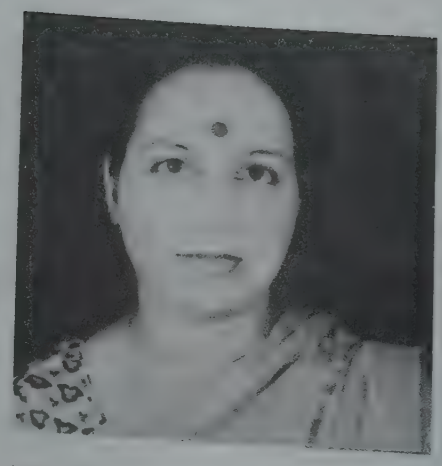
Miss Ruhi Jamali, Bombay.

IRAQI DOLMAS

500 grams minced meat
kg onions
kg large tomatoes
Cabbage leaves
tsp. red chilli powder
Salt and pepper to taste
medium size cucumbers
cup rice
tbsp. tomato sauce
tsp. mint leaves, chopped
2 tbsps. oil
1 cup water
2 big spinach leaves
¼ kg green peas, cooked
2 lemons

Remove outer leaves of cabbage and parboil for five minutes. Scrape cucumbers. Scoop out the cucumber and tomato seeds from the centre and keep aside. Peel the onions slowly and carefully. Clean spinach leaves and keep them aside.

Place the minced meat in a bowl, add the seeds of tomatoes and cucumbers, one chopped onion, mint leaves, salt, red chilli powder and boiled peas, pepper and tomato sauce. Knead well. Add washed rice. Now pour a spoonful of stuffing in each cucumber, cabbage, tomato and in each layer of onion and spinach. Roll the spinach leaf and keep aside. Cover cucumber and tomato well from top. Take a greased dekchi. First put a layer of rolled cabbage leaf. Second layer of onions and third spinach and finally tomato and cucumber layer. Place them in order. Cover the lid. Cook over medium heat for 35-40 minutes. Serve hot.



Mrs. Manju Sekhri, 56 APO.

POTATO SUPPER

4 large potatoes
15 grams plain flour, seasoned

FOR THE FILLING:

250 grams raw minced mutton or pork
1 onion, peeled and chopped
25 grams butter
3 tbsps. milk
Salt and pepper
1 tbsp. parsley, chopped
Few sprigs of parsley for garnish

Scrub the potatoes so that they are really clean, then prick the surface with a fork. Rub the skin with the seasoned flour and cook on the oven shelf for three quarters of an hour.

Meanwhile, put the washed mince into a pan and fry it over a fairly low heat. When a little fat oozes out from the meat, add the chopped onion. Fry the two ingredients together until they are tender and light brown in colour. When the potatoes are cooked, cut off the tops and scoop out the soft potato into a bowl. Beat in the butter, milk and plenty of seasonings. Stir in the parsley, mince and onion mixture. Return the filling to the potato jackets. Put the stuffed potatoes back in the moderate oven and bake for fifteen minutes. Garnish each potato with a sprig of parsley and serve them with sliced tomatoes for supper.

Renu Golani, Ahmedabad.

EGG HALWA

4 large eggs
2 tbsps. butter
1½ tbsps. sultanas
1 cup milk
2½-3 tbsps. sugar
2 tbsps. coconut, grated
1 tbsps. nuts, sliced
½ to tbsps. cardamom seeds

Beat the eggs. Melt the butter in the saucepan and put in the egg mixture. Heat it under a low fire for four to five minutes, stirring continuously. Heat the milk and sugar till all the sugar dissolves. Pour this on the simmering egg mixture. Add the well washed and slightly soaked sultanas and heat it gently for ten minutes, stirring frequently. The mixture by now should be fairly thick. Pour this in a shallow dish. Decorate it with sliced nuts, grated coconut and crushed cardamom seeds. Serve hot or cold.

1 weekly winner

Mrs. Tara Bose of Bombay, wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

FISH FILLETS FRIED IN BRAN

4 pomfret fillets
5 tbsps. bran or dalia (ground roasted wheat)
1 tomato
1 tsp. green pepper seeds
1 cucumber, chopped
A pinch of aniseed
Salt to taste
1 egg

Clean and wash the fillets. Beat one egg with a pinch of salt. Dry the fish and pass through the egg mixture and roll in the bran until well coated. Fry in oil till golden.

Chop tomatoes, green peppers and the cucumber. Add these to the fish in the pan with a pinch of aniseed. Check seasoning and cook for 15 minutes.

FOR GARNISH: (optional)
A salad of lettuce leaves and chopped apples, dressed with an emulsion of lemon juice olive oil and crushed garlic and black pepper, makes a satisfying meal.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

In response to requests, each recipe sent in to us is to be accompanied by this coupon only, with no photograph.

The author of each selected entry will be requested in advance for a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

Originality is a basic criterion in our contest. Recipes that are picked up from cookery books and other published material wil be DISQUALIFIED.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

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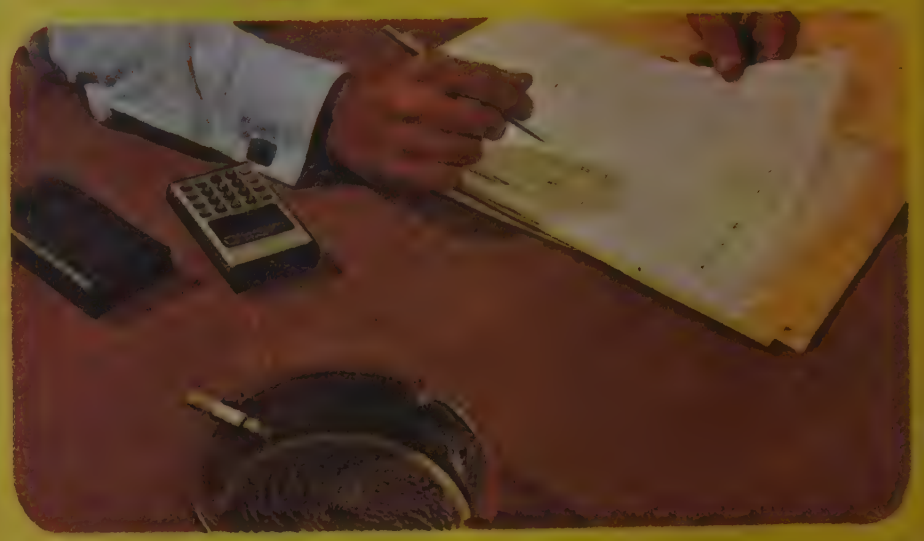

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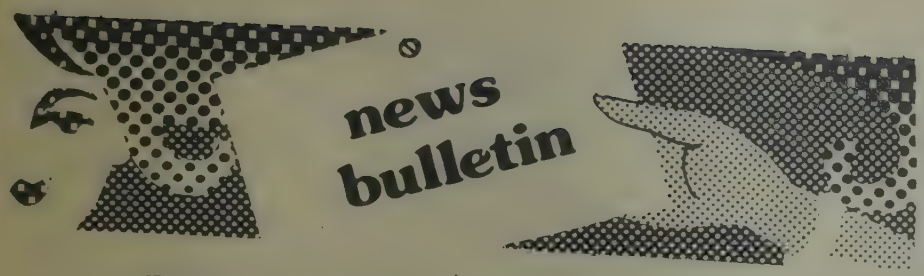

FOR WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN

NEW DELHI: The newly constituted steering committee of the National Committee on Women yesterday noted with concern a gradual decrease in the employment opportunities for women. . . According to the Committee, while the government's role would be of initiating programmes and projects for the involvement of the equal participation by women in national development, the political parties had a definite part to play in sponsoring women candidates for elections at various levels. It suggested that each panchayat area should have at least one mahila mandal to serve as a grassroot forum for effective implementation of programmes for women.

Hindustan Times, June 8.

* * *

BOMBAY: A "no" from a charming woman is likely to be more acceptable to people seeking rail reservation than a harsh "no" from a male booking clerk. This was the thinking behind the Railway Minister's proposal to replace male booking clerks in metropolitan cities by women. Mr. Dandavate said a study of the charge-sheets issued on the railways showed that women were involved only in "marginal cases" of malpractices. They had certain innate qualities and these "resources" needed to be tapped by the railways as they had been by hospitals and airlines. He admitted that the male employees had not welcomed his proposal. To them his reply was that they need not fear all women because of their experience with "one woman during the emergency."

Times of India, June 11.

* * *

MADRAS: A 16-year-old girl narrated to the emergency excesses enquiry authority here today a very poignant torture story during the proceedings before the Shah Commission. The tale was told by Poongavanam, daughter of Nagammal, who herself was allegedly tortured by the police in connection with a theft in . . .Poongavanam said she "was gang raped every night by policemen, one after another, for nearly a month and a half during the emergency at a house next to the Thozhudur police station, where her mother and father were being tortured." If during the molestation, Poongavanam's six-month-old child wailed, the policemen pinched it. . .

Indian Express, June 13.

REWA: The Buyee Baghram Panchayat in Shahdol district of Madhya Pradesh will be an all-woman set-up. No male could contest in the panchayat election as the area is entirely inhabited by railway employees who, according to their service rules, are not permitted to contest elections.

Indian Express, June 14.

* * *

GUNA: (Madhya Pradesh): Two women had taken to dacoity after seeing the film "Putlibai". The film had an unhealthy effect on women in desperate circumstances, according to Madho Singh, "sardar" of surrendered dacoits. He has demanded that the film should not be exhibited in the country in general and in Chambal and Gwalior divisions of Madhya Pradesh in particular, on account of its corrupting influence.

Times of India, New Delhi, June 14.

* * *

NEW DELHI: Police all over the country have been alerted to an unprecedented increase in the number of girls from Andhra found in brothels in many cities. The Union Home Ministry and the Department of Social Welfare are understood to have suggested close coordination between the police squads of major cities to check this cruel exploitation. The glut of Andhra girls in the flesh market is attributed to the misery and poverty in the State caused by the recent cyclones. . . The cyclone in Andhra brought a windfall for the procurers. Teams of Telugu-speaking prostitutes were sent to devastated villages where a mere word of comfort could win over a girl. According to a police officer on duty in Delhi's red light area, a girl could be purchased for as little as Rs. 500.

Indian Express, June 15.

* * *

BOMBAY: A demand recently voiced by certain Muslim women that the oral and arbitrary system of talaq (divorce) be abolished has been referred to the Maharashtra Law Commission for consideration, stated Mr. Ramarao Adik, Minister for Law, in the Council recently. He said that the Commission would give its opinion very soon. In May, Muslim women had submitted a memorandum to him demanding payment of subsistence allowance to divorced women till their remarriage or death and education facilities for their rehabilitation, the Minister told the House.

Indian Express, June 22.

* * *

TRIVANDRUM: The State government has finalised the scheme for giving financial assistance to widows for the marriage of their daughters. The scheme comes into force from August next. To be eligible for assistance the total annual income of the widow and her family should not exceed Rs. 6,000 and the girl to be married should have attained the age of 18 on the day of her marriage. . . The application has to be addressed to the District Collector at least one month before the date of marriage. If the widow passes away before the application is sanctioned, the eldest person in her family or the person who is responsible for conducting the marriage would be granted the money, but on the strength of a security. Girls who have lost both their parents would also be entitled to this assistance.

The Hindu, June 22.

* * *

NEW DELHI: (PTI): India will host the next preparatory conference for the Asian and Pacific regions to be held in 1979 in connection with the UN Decade for Women. The Minister for Education, Social Welfare and Culture, Mrs. Renuka Devi Barkataki, who is attending the Vienna conference as leader of the Indian delegation, expressed her satisfaction on the decision. She attached great significance to this conference, preparatory to the conference scheduled to be help in Teheran during 1980... She said that India recognised the nature, magnitude and intensity of problems relating to women varied from region to region and country to country. In view of such diversities, the Teheran conference should concentrate on the special characteristics and needs of different regions, which could be supplemented by the global general approach.

Free Press Journal, June 26.

* * *

NEW DELHI: (PTI): The Population Services of India (PSI), a society of women in the service of women registered under the Societies Act, has commissioned its first clinic in the Capital for the medical termination of pregnancy (abortion). According to Mrs. Sheili Rana, executive member of the Society, this clinic is only the beginning of an all-India movement, and it is proposed to set up similar clinics in all the major cities eventually, with the support of local voluntary organisations. Mrs. Rana said that the PSI was a non-profit family planning organisation and offered services to pregnant women seeking abortion at a nominal charge of Rs. 100.

Hindustan Times, June 26.

* * *

CALCUTTA: Prostitutes appear to be more "ritualist" than respectable conventional society, according to a sociological thesis for a doctorate. The thesis, prepared by Dr. Bishwanath Joarder of the Anthropological Survey of India after interviewing over a thousand prostitutes in greater Calcutta, notes that most of them retain their religion and caste affiliations. . . Prostitutes hailing from a higher caste like Brahmins are considered "superior" to those of the lower sosio-economic strata... The study says that though customer-prostitute relationship is purely economic and there is no room for "love," affection and such other human qualities, about 60 per cent of the prostitutes interviewed had "instinctive love" for their kith and kin. They were found to maintain continuity of their relationship through personal visits and financial assistance.

Indian Express, June 28.

* * *

TRIVANDRUM: Can a divorced wife leading a promiscuous life after the divorce claim maintenance from her former husband? A full bench of the Kerala High Court decided on this question in the affirmative while allowing a revision petition filed by the former divorced wife of a Muslim teacher against a lower court judgment. It was contended on behalf of the petitioner that being a divorcee she was under no obligation to her former husband with regard to keeping any vow of chastity.

Free Press Journal, June 29.

Compiled by Gouri Salvi

true confession

I DESTROYED THE GIRL I LOVED

Maybe I acted the way I did because I was madly in love with her. I wanted her with all my heart and she spurned me. The whiff of her seductive perfume is still in my nostrils and the memory of her exquisite features lingers. She worked in the same building as I did but in another office on the next floor. I used to see her standing for the lift every day, not a bit put out by the stares she got.

I could somehow never gather the courage to go up and talk to her. I was almost pathologically shy.

One evening, later than usual, I came down to where my scooter was parked and saw her standing on the pavement. Most of the employees had left. She looked so lost and forlorn that my self confidence was buoyed up.

"Can I give you a lift?" I asked. She looked at me and in the gathering dusk she seemed immensely small, dwarfed by the mighty building against which she stood.

"No thank you," she replied. "As a matter of fact I'm waiting for the boss. He's promised to drop me home. He always does when it gets so late."

"Oh," was all I could say.

Lurid stories came before my mind of demanding bosses who took advantage of young girls and used them to satisfy their base desires. I felt suddenly over-protective towards this beautiful creature who had stirred my imagination for months.

I started my scooter and went a short distance, out of sight. But I didn't go away. I wanted to catch a glimpse of the man who was dropping her home. Presently I saw him emerge in his car.

The boss was not as old as I had expected and I felt a small flutter of envy. He might have been about forty and he was good looking in the extreme. He held the door open for her and she got in. I watched them draw away from the kerb and drive down the street. I started my scooter again and followed them. I told myself it was really to see where she stayed. But I knew in my heart that I was anxious they wouldn't stop at a restaurant for dinner and dalliance.

They didn't stop. They drove straight to an apartment block and into its wide parking lot. It was an impressive building. I thought she would get out here and go in. Imagine my consternation when both of them disappeared into the building. The driver waited patiently in the car for what seemed an age but was actually only half an hour. Presently he came out alone, sat in the car and drove away. I went home quite miserable.

For days I could think of no one but her.

Secretly I found out all the details I could about her boss. His name I learnt was Parmeshwar Dayal and he lived in a posh locality in the city. He was married and had two school-going children — a boy and a girl, about eight and ten years old.

Some quiet detecting in my spare time revealed that he was paying the rent for the flat she occupied and where I had seen him drop her on several occasions. Yes, I had followed them many times in the subsequent weeks and watched with growing horror the suspicious developments. He stayed at her flat for whole nights at a stretch while the wife probably believed he was away on tour.

Meanwhile, I did some more foot work and found out details about this girl who was beginning to engross me more and more. She apparently had no one of her own in the city. She stayed all alone. Apart from that, there was very little I had to go on except for the fact that her name was Manika Chinoy.

I thought it was a clever stratagem to get the the girl I loved, but the outcome was unmitigated disaster

After about six months of their furtive meetings, I decided to do something constructive. One day I picked up the telephone and asked for Parmeshwar Dayal's house. This was during office hours when I was sure he wouldn't be at home. A woman's voice answered me.

"Hello," I said. "Is that Mrs. Dayal?"

"Yes," she replied. "Who is it?"

"You don't know me," I said. "But I have some information which might interest you. Can I see you at some convenient time?"

Her curiosity was aroused but she was on guard, afraid for some reason.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"My name won't mean anything to you at this stage," I replied. I was wary of speak-

ing out more frankly. This was the office telephone and there was no knowing who was listening.

"But what is your business?" she asked.

"I'll tell you everything when I meet you," I replied quickly. "Can you see me this evening at Campari's Cafe?"

"No," she replied. I felt again that rising note of suspicion in her voice.

"Can I come to your house then?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she said hesitantly. "When do you want to come?"

"Preferably in the morning," I said. "Whenever you're free."

"I'll be free at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning," she said.

"Thanks, I'll be there."

The rest of the day I couldn't work at all. All I did was type an application requesting leave the next day.

The moment I saw her next morning standing framed in the doorway with the sunlight playing tricks with her salt and pepper hair, I thought to myself, "She looks too old for him."

She stood aside to let me enter. She was of generous proportions and too heavy at the hips. Her fine fair skin had the beginnings of wrinkles, asserting themselves at the corners of her mouth and her eyes.

"Are you alone in the house, Mrs. Dayal?"

For a moment fright leapt into her eyes and her hand flew to her throat.

"Don't be afraid," I said. "I have not come to harm you. Only help you and save, if possible, a girl from an ugly situation."

"I don't understand," she said.

"How well do you know your husband Mrs. Dayal?" I asked.

"That's a funny question," she said in surprise. "Why, I've been married to him for a dozen years now."

"Maybe," I said slowly. "But one can live in close proximity with a man even for 25 years and not know him at all."

"Are you trying to tell me something about my husband?"

"Yes," I said.

"What is it?"

"He's not being entirely faithful to you," I replied.

"I don't believe it," she said with some asperity. "He's entirely loyal to me and the children."

"He may not leave you," I said. "But he is having an affair on the side all the same."

Then I told her about Manika and described her in great detail. I had even brought a photograph taken unawares when the two of them were on one of their dates. Now I passed it to her. She stared at it for a second or two then passed it back to me.

"I know her," she said. "She is his secretary."

"If you must know, he also pays the rent for the flat where she lives."

"How do you know?"

"I saw rent receipts for it in his name. I have got acquainted with the landlord."

"You took great pains to find out all this, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "You see, he's been absorbing her attention too much. I thought, putting you in the know would remove him so that the field would be clear for me."

"Do you love her?" she asked.

"I adore her," I replied, "but with your husband on the scene, I have no hope."

She bit her lip. Then I saw a glimmer of resolution come into her eyes.

"We can get together can't we?" she asked, "and stop this affair?"

"Yes," I replied. "That's what I hoped."

"Do you have any ideas?"

"To begin with, you can let him know in a subtle way that you are aware of his dalliance," I suggested. "That would scare him off her."

"You don't know my husband," she said. "He's not scared of anything."

"Has such a thing happened before?"

"Nothing serious," she said.

"How long has Manika been working as your husband's secretary?" I asked.

"For about two years," she replied. "She came to him after a tragic accident. Her husband was killed in a scooter crash while she got thrown clear. She brought recommendations from a friend of my husband's and he took her in soon after."

"Does she have no one of her own?"

"Not that I know of. They were newly married when her husband died and they didn't have any children."

"Where did she stay?"

"She was staying in a working women's hostel then. I don't know when he got her this flat."

She looked away from me and I sensed more than saw the sadness in her eyes.

"Will you have some more tea?"

"No thanks," I said and rose. She came with me to the door.

"I'll phone you again," I said. "Believe me, you have my deepest sympathies. I'm going to do all I can to save your marriage."

As I saw it, there was only one way. If Rameshwar Dayal was not a man to be scared off easily, I had to try other tactics. I had to approach Manika. One evening, a few days later, I came out early, about fifteen minutes before the office was due to close, and lay in wait for her. Presently I saw her emerge and look secretively first one side then the other. His car was standing at the kerb with the driver behind the wheel. I knew she was going to slip into it to wait for his arrival. People were talking now and she did not want to be seen brazenly entering his car while half the office was leaving.

"Wait," I said, when she was almost abreast of me. She stopped in her tracks.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Don't get into the car," I said. "His wife is watching." Startled, her hand flew to her mouth.

"I think it would be a good idea if we went and had coffee somewhere."

As I had expected, she agreed at once. I knew she didn't want to risk being confronted by the wife. She had no way of knowing I had lied to her. She was anxious to get away from the front entrance now and I was the only means of escape. If she went with me, the wife would be hoodwinked — she thought.

The restaurant was crowded, but we found a table in the corner and sat down. While I ordered coffee, she looked all round. There were some men from my office, too, but I ignored them. Instead, I turned all my attention on her.

"I've been following you," I said directly. She gave a start.

"I know you have no one of your own, but as a well-wisher I must say you are doing something quite indiscreet."

She didn't say anything. Just lowered her eyes and examined her finger nails.

Suddenly she spoke, taking me by surprise. "Have you ever known tragedy?" she asked.

"It strikes everyone," I said. "But that's no reason why you must hitch on to a married man."

"If I hadn't done that," she said in a level voice. "I might have turned into a prostitute. You have no idea how tough those early days were, soon after my husband's death. I was hounded by all manner of men wanting to take advantage of me. This way at least, I was safe from unwelcome attention."

"You ought to find some nice young unattached male and settle down again," I told her.

She didn't reply. The waiter arrived with the coffee. After the coffee, we lingered in the restaurant till the streets grew dark and a hundred lights shone.

I tried to explain to her in the best way I could, the futility of breaking up a home. I spoke of Dayal's wife and his two young children, of a whole family which she was destroying with her illicit relationship.

When she didn't reply, I thought I had convinced her. We got up and walked into the crowded, brightly lit streets, now alive with shoppers. We walked side by side but quiet and introspective in the aftermath of the serious talk we had. I made her sit on the pinion of my scooter and wove my way through the evening rush.

I could almost sense her tenseness from the touch of her hand which rested on my shoulder. When we drove to her apartment block, she jumped off with an audible sigh of relief.

"Can I see you again?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said in a whisper. I could not see her expression, only feel the desperate loneliness in her voice.

I went home buoyed up by an ecstatic hope.

But things didn't end the way I had expected. Two days later, the newspaper headlines exploded in my face. "Irate wife stabs husband's mistress." I got the address of the hospital where she had been admitted and rushed there. But it was too late. She had died half an hour ago.

I went back to the office despondent. I couldn't work. I could think of nothing else but Manika. And to think this might never have happened if I hadn't gone to Dayal's wife with tales of his deception! Even today the thought disturbs my sleep. I regret my attempt at freeing the poor girl from Dayal's clutches to get her to be mine.

What a disaster I had caused! Mrs. Dayal got a life sentence, Mr. Dayal was ruined and two poor blameless children's lives were in a shambles. All because of my meddling.

THE ANATOMY OF

Shakuntala Devi

Men use women as mirrors, to reflect their strength, success and petty triumphs. Making half the human species their audience, they look to it for applause, putting on a show that is already dusty with age

"Women," wrote Virginia Woolf "have served all these centuries as looking glasses possessing the power of reflecting the figure of man at twice his natural size."

Men use women as mirrors, to reflect their strength, success and petty triumphs. Men have taken the easy way out. They have made half the human species their audience. They look to it for applause, putting on a show that is already dusty with age.

But the worst of this is not that it has reduced the women to looking glasses — it has reduced men to beings who can only define themselves by means of women. And what is most unfortunate for men is that the mirror is like the ones in the amusement park that distort and split up the image, showing them to themselves as giants with dwarfs' heads, or as pygmies with gorillas' torsos.

ANCIENT MYTHS

When most men look at women, they do not see an equal human being. They see an enigma, a challenge, a mystery. The person is obscured by the sum total of their feelings and experiences about women, by a hundred thousand years of legend, myth, comedy and domestic uneasiness. The old saying that a woman's destiny is her anatomy may be wrong, but a woman's legacy is certainly the fantasies that men have created about her. She need not share these fantasies. She rarely does.

And she may even be unaware of them, which she often is, but in a world where men still hold the reins of power, they affect her status and life in general.

Most of the myths about women date back to prehistoric times — the times when women waited in their caves for their caveman-hunter-warrior men to return home with bloody game and exciting stories of their hunt. But in the present time, this kind of fantasy is merely masculine self-indulgence. This is gratifying to a man's self esteem. Also this kind of fantasy justifies the exclusion of woman from "his" world. But it is very far from the truth. This myth only serves as a justification for discriminating against women. It is neither a modified test of doubtfully inherited pre-historic skills, nor the rationally conducted activity one likes to pretend it is. It is merely a self-perpetuated masculine myth, the basic intent of which is precisely to escape from women.

The reason men behave the way they do towards women does not lie so much in their claim to possess any special qualities of strength and cunning, but in their weaknesses and fears. Men's fears of the demands of women, whose sexual demands must be met and satisfied, are age old. They are aware that women know their strength and weaknesses as no man can, and can judge their potency and thus, in their own eyes, their value. Basically, a man's feeling of superiority is not rooted in any reasonable facts, but is a cover up for his terror of failing to live up to a woman's offer of herself.

Men fear women because women have the power to challenge them sexually. And women expose men to the possibility of failure and humiliation at a basic, biological level.

The old belief that women envy men is only a myth imposed upon women by men. They do not envy men. But they do envy the privileges and opportunities enjoyed by men. They envy the power and success a man can achieve in the business and social worlds, which is denied to most women. Because, in general, women have duller jobs than men, they make less money, and they have fewer opportunities.

Why is it necessary for men to assume, as so many of them do, that the difference between men and women involves a question of superiority? The simple truth is that male chauvinism — above all — consists of classifying people by biological functions, as if these were a determining factor in entirely non-biological activities and situations.

Biology is a trap! It neither explains nor justifies any assumption of masculine superiority. Yet it remains the traditional weapon to use against women. A good example of this tendency to assume that biological differences determine a woman's place in the world is provided by Norman Mailer's "Prisoner of Sex".

"The best operator was the uniform operator and women had that unmentionable womb, that spongy pool, that time machine with a curse, dam for an ongoing river of blood whose rhythm seems to obey some private contact with the moon."

FALSE CONCEPTS

What Mailer actually means is that a woman's monthly period may in some way disqualify her from driving a steam engine, flying a Jumbo Jet or from running a computer. But his suggestion is absurd. Because women have long since proved they can do anything. After all, we have a woman astronaut, women ferried fighter planes across the Atlantic in World War II. And one of the stars of NASCAR stock car racing circuit is a lady — symbolically

MALE CHAUVINISM

she wears a pink cap and a pink helmet.

Robyn Smith, the famous female jockey, rode 309 horses during the 243-day New York Racing Association Season. At twenty-seven she is quite sure she will have a Kentucky Derby mount soon. She says of her career, "It has nothing to do with femininity." She attributes her achievements to hard work, harder work than most male jockeys are willing to do.

And Mailer overlooks men's biological weaknesses, as if they didn't exist.

Biological differences do exist between men and women. But to dwell upon these differences is to ignore the fact that they are both obvious and unimportant.

The false concepts men have about women are damaging to the relationship between the sexes. But what is even more damaging is the subtle misunderstanding men have about themselves. Men worship strength. And they associate this assumption of superiority with physical prowess. They justify their position in the present by their reading of the past. And at the core of male chauvinism is a false concept of modern man. When men had to till and plow, when they had to fight with sword and spear and tame horses, when they had to lift the stones with which civilisation was laboriously built, there was some justification for their feeling that a man's physical strength was a special gift. But it is almost a century since this division of powers has ceased to exist — cutting off men from the source of their pride and superiority over women.

NOT STRONGER

Today most working men are not very much stronger than the average woman. And a lifetime of sitting behind the desk, using up his mind, is hardly likely to give any man a physical advantage over a woman who spends her lifetime doing household chores, lifting children, and cleaning house. Masculine ideals are formed around the image of physical strength and work. But the modern male chauvinist does not possess nor require this strength, because he tends to be aggressive in his relationship with women mostly in the verbal sense. He wants to impress, sieze, capture, subdue women, and he dreams of obscure sexual triumphs. He confuses sexuality with strength.

Biological arguments seldom prove anything. In fact, the physical differences between a twentieth century urban man and a twentieth century urban woman is very little — except sexual ones. It is an obvious fact that a woman is not a man and a man is not a woman. But it is difficult to imagine any convincing reasons why one should be more capable of filling a role in our technological society than the other.

Yet women are treated as persons belonging to the subservient class — as unfit to make any important decisions. They are shunted into women's jobs — lower paid and static. Women get harassed, patronised and saddled with the every day problems of children. If they are married they work mostly on sufferance. And if they are unmarried they bear the brunt of urban disintegration. And it is women who find themselves doing the cooking after a hard day's work.

From a man's point of view, a woman who works is always in some mysterious way less womanly than one who doesn't, for were

not women supposed to be at home, in the kitchen, looking after children, as God and nature intended them to? And this attitude erodes any respect she might hope to win by her success.

Men have designed society and the structure of work around their own impulses and their sense of belonging together — as if they were, in some mysterious way, guardians of the sacred flame of progress, wealth, energy and achievement — all those ambitions which are primarily meaningful because they separate men from women — give men added value. This baroque structure of myths has been constructed over the centuries. And it is the means by which men cling to their masculine pride, while sitting at their desks doing job that women could, in all truth do, just as well or

better, if they had the training and the motivation.

The social attitudes forced on women prevent them from exploiting the full value of their own work in the ways that are instinctive to men. Men find it difficult to react to success signals from women, and find it convenient to ignore them. Women have been taught at an early age to be compliant and polite. And if they put their work forward compliantly and politely, it is easy for men to give them the ritual smiles of approbation and approval that govern so much of traditional male/female discussion — and then ignore them. If on the other hand women attempt to push their work forward, to seize credit, then they are being "aggressive," "unfeminine."

The more successful a woman is, the more unnatural she is in the eyes of men. A man's success is by definition good, a woman's, merely evidence of some deep flaw in her life, the consequence of hidden neuroses, or of her inability to fulfil her traditional role — as wife and mother.

TRADITIONAL ROLES

The pressure to keep women in traditional roles, to think of them in the traditional way is common to all men. Even when a woman has a chance to work, it is always the dirty work that is alloted to her — connected as if by natural law to the monotonous and degrading task of cleaning up, of dealing with faeces, sweat and grime of the male species that cannot groom itself. Throughout our cultures the common assumption has been that women are somehow formed to cope with filth and dirt, forming a sociological background that permits men to assign women to menial tasks without guilt. But what can be most irritating to a woman is one of the basic myths of male chauvinism — that women enjoy doing dirty work, it is rewarding in itself, it is done for purposes of self-expansion. No. This is far from the truth. Most of the dirty work that women are called upon to do leads them nowhere.

Even when women are given desk jobs, they are excluded from the central activity of the organisations and restricted to minor supportive roles that men everywhere traditionally reserve for women. In all aspects a woman's possibilities remain very limited compared to a man's.

However, in all fairness to men, it should be mentioned here that the impetus on the part of men to isolate women was not originally a completely ungenerous one. Our ancestors were strongly motivated by the desire to seal themselves off from the reality around them — to build small islands of domestic bliss in a sea of squalor, poverty and starvation. Among the evils they fled was the syste-

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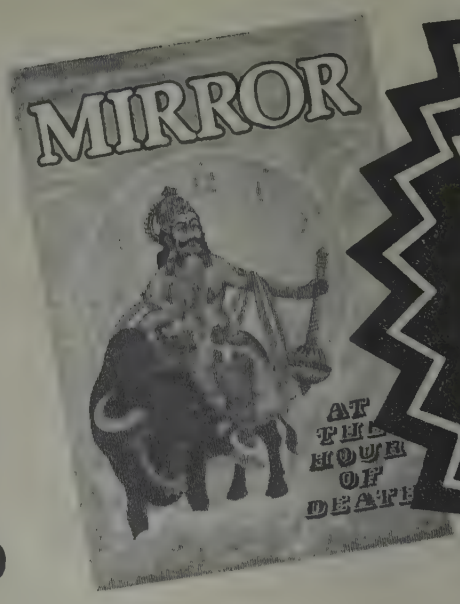

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THE ANATOMY OF MALE CHAUVINISM

matic exploitation of women as manual labourers, and it is scarcely surprising that the idea of women working should have taken on in their minds a peculiar horror. The horror of the hell into which every middle class family could fall by bankruptcy, sickness or bad luck. It is only quite lately that the middle class women have re-emerged and then into a very different kind of working world — of offices and shops, rather than mills and factories.

Historically, women have been seen as drudges or players of domestic and sexual roles, the exception being in those intellectual circles where women have a kind of equality because of extraordinary intelligence or some special talent — like Madame Curie, Indira Gandhi or Clare Booth Luce.

Trapped by past habits, men are yet to acquire the cultural habit of taking women as equals — fellow human beings.

Wherever we look, women are humiliated and belittled, separate but not equal. In every magazine and newspaper, women are shown as objects of sexual fantasy, used to promote products they don't really profit from, which are sold by companies in which they have neither power nor any interest. Recently, while in London, I saw a poster in the Tottenham Court Road tube station advertising a calculating machine struck on the bare bottom of a nude woman. Till now I have not been able to figure out the connection between the calculating machine and the bare bottom.

It is an age old custom when a group of men meet, to exchange tired, sick, worn-out jokes about women, making them into infantile, emotional, fickle-minded creatures who are incapable of making any original contribution to society.

Even language, fraught as it is with male chauvinist undertones, constitutes a major weapon in man's struggle to keep women in inferior position.

There is the common male habit of using profanity to put down women — a game in which they cannot lose. Most profanity degrades women, to begin with, and when used against women it automatically reduces her to a sexual object on the lowest level.

There is no surer way to establish male bonds than a quick leer at a passing woman, the shared reaction that can range from a furtive wink to a
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yet, while I sit in a Sout
restaurant sitting by my
ing lunch, all these men
ing their idlis and samb
ing at me out of the co
their eyes, with sambar
their chins. (By the way, I
great beauty.)

For God's sake, wh
man on the street I do
him and make obscene
When a woman looks
she looks at a person
looks at every woma
physical value. To a m
aren't people at all.

Men can have little
what it is like to be ju
stantly by one's exterior
less small humiliation
worst of all, the jealousi
dered between women.

By small doses, me
undermine women's s
ence by drawing them i
work of masculine attitu
this is easy enough be
most cases men have th
and therefore form the
group. It is hardly surpris
women fall so easily into
bit of being quislings,
favour with those who ha
er, by joining in the de
of their fellow women.
know that the power to
things usually is with m
appealing to their fellow
is simply hooking on the
the powerless. Women kn
beyond each man is a doo
ing to a more powerful ma
step up the ladder moving
er to the magic inner core
essentially masculine.

In a game where men
made all the rules, it is on
man who can win ultimate

tion. It is the only
nd in India where
rvicemen are train-
t trades to earn an
living. Founded in
dy Willingdon, the
uated near the Pune
next to the Military
ee.

was so far rehabili-
bled ex-servicemen,
hits paraplegics also.
neans paralysis be-
st. Not only are both
limbs paralysed but
bladder and bowel
re also disturbed, add-
edical problems to this

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serious disability. Says Col. S. M. S. Nicholson, Superintendent of the school, "It is a question of restoring to the paraplegic his self-respect and his morale." A paraplegic is a physical wreck. He knows that he has to spend the rest of his life in bed or in a wheel-chair. Therefore, it is imperative that one should restore his self-confidence by teaching him some trade, but what is even more important, it should restore him his morale and his desire to continue to live. He should be cured of his depression.

Meet Ramchandra Shinde, a paraplegic, but a picture of confidence. He wants to tell me his story. "I was ordered to fix a mine at the Muljim Mountain in '64, and did so without knowing this would be my last Army duty. The mountain was blasted and I was thrown from a height of 400 feet down below, on my back. When I opened my eyes, I realised that I could not move my lower limbs."

Shinde was transferred from one military hospital to another and in 1972 he came to the QMTS. He received vocational training in the Radio Television section. "With great difficulty because of my disability, I completed the course."

February 23 was a red letter day in the life of this unfortunate jawan when his Jai Jawan stall, situated at the corner of the Kirkee and Aundh road junction, was inaugurated. At his brightly painted stall he sells eggs, toffees, biscuits. He earns about Rs. 10-15 daily. He has an engine cycle too, and moves all around the town on it, making his purchases. He is slowly getting conversant with business techniques. "I thought I wouldn't last, but now lots of people come to my shop. The children of the neighbourhood all help me."

Shinde has even seen a lot of Bombay where he went to participate in the Paraplegic Sports. "In the beginning I couldn't move the chair, but the Colonel forced me to take part." Encouragement helped, and Shinde won four gold medals in wheel-chair obstacle and a number of bronze and silver medals.

Shinde lives in the special quarters provided by QMTS. "Quarters like nowhere else in India," he says.

The Paraplegic Wing was added in 1968, which provided the special accommodation. There are now 22 permanent quarters. Bath room facilities, a kitchen and various other amenities are provided, and the quarters are designed as not to hamper the movements.

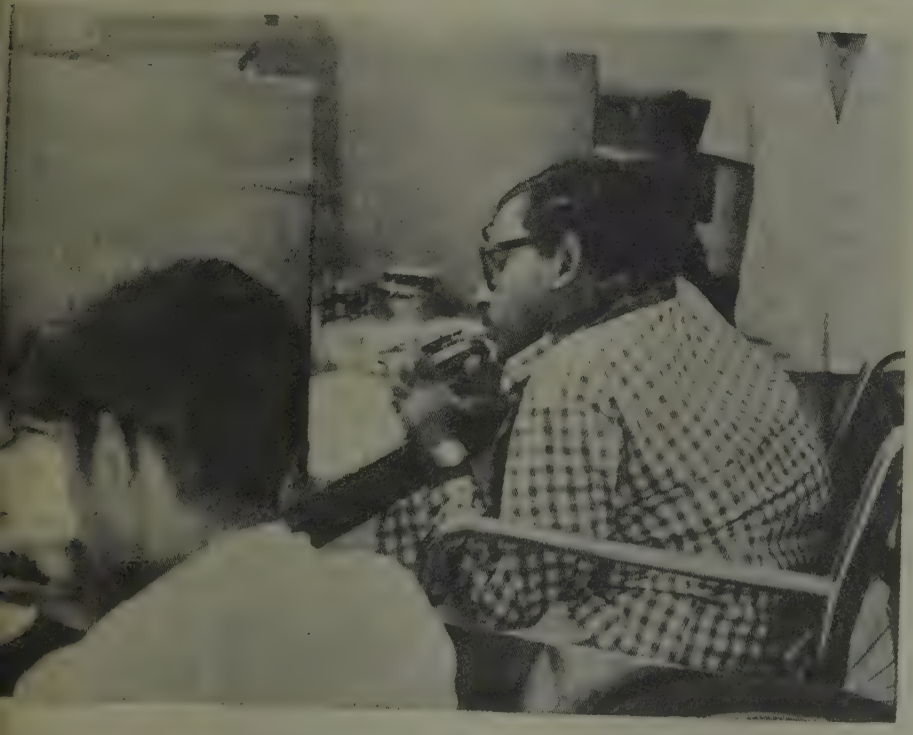
LEFT: Mukundi, a paraplegic is a typist at the CAFV depot.

Mukundi, another paraplegic, is a picture of contentment. His radiance is remarkable. A handsome looking man, he is now employed in CAFV depot as a a typist. He learnt shorthand at the school and has a speed of more than 80 and typing speed of 40 w.p.m.

This young man has an imported wheel chair. He's been to Germany too. The QMTS takes part in Paraplegic Sports in India and abroad. Mukundi was the school's entry for the Para Olympics in Munich. In the national sports he has won 30 medals — 6 gold medals for weight lifting and the basket ball championship.

"I get Rs. 500 as a typist." He's full of zest for life. As he talks to me he remembers that he's going to see a movie tonight.

In a few months, the school enables the disabled/paraplegic to play games and work like any other human being with the difference that his wheel chair or tricycle is his legs and feet. The paraplegics live with their families who are guided to help them become self-reliant and lead a



ABOVE: Thapa, also a paraplegic, is an expert at knitting. He is seen here with his knitting machine.

LEFT: Ghose (right), disabled son of a jawan, learns watch repairing.

---

ormal life. Through their amilies, medical supervision nd a means to earn heir living, self-confidnce is restored. Mukundi went ll the way to U.P. last year to e his mother.

Any ex-serviceman who is mecally boarded out can get adtted. Even a clumsy man can ceive his vocational training re.

"I was in the Navy and devped some ear trouble. I was dared medically unfit," said T. Sahane, instructor of the diel-mechanic section. He was e a student in the school. Toy, he gets a salary of Rs. 350 d a pension of Rs. 90. He's rried, has one daughter, and is ppy. It must be remembered t jawans are only trained to fend the country and most of rn do not have educational qualifications. Thus they are rendered useless once they are declared medically unfit.

There are many military training institutions in the country which prepare jawans to fight a war, but this is the only institute which trains them or the unfortunate among them, who retire hurt in the battles or are boarded out on medical disability, to put up a persistent fight in the unending struggle of life. Disabled children of service men are also admitted into the school.

Ghose is such a child. He is paralysed since birth. Using his mouth and with amazing skill and dexterity, he is totally engrossed in repairing a watch. He's getting trained in watch repairing. When I tell him he'll get a first class, he feels shy looks away, and then buries his head deep in his work.

Till a year ago Ghose was doing nothing. Now he works eight hours a day. He is very quiet but he likes his work: "I'm satisfied."

The school, Col. Nicholson says, can accommodate 100 students and while under training, accommodation, clothing, food, railway fares from and to their homes and a stipend of Rs. 15 for petty expenses are given. For the maintenance of the family at home, arrangements have been made through their respective States for a grant of Rs. 50 per month.

The school is recognised by the National Council for Training in Vocational Trades. It gives training in mechanic (diesel), fitter, watch and clock repair, cutting and tailoring, stenography, mechanic (radio and TV), electrician and wireman, hand and power loom weaving, hosiery knitting, dyeing and printing.

Col. Nicholson is proud of the achievements of his students. "Our disabled Jawans have passed ITI courses with distinction, and one of them, Abraham Thomas, stood first at the ITI examination. So many have secured over 70 per cent marks and appeared in Trade Skill Competitions."

But the school, in spite of its progressive outlook, finds it difficult to maintain itself. The Maharashtra Government, which was requested by the Centre to pay a recurring grant of Rs. 72,000, granted only Rs. 20,000, and even this was curtailed to a mere Rs. 6,000 annually from 1974. The reason given was that there are no funds available, though the Government Technical Inspector, has reported consistently, "The school on the whole runs satisfactorily and discipline is maintained."

By its own efforts the school started production in each section, which yielded an income of Rs. 40,000 last year. Deficit is avoided by effecting strict economy, greater stress on production and donations from philanthropic bodies and individual donors. Running the school, as can be readily appreciated, is a stupendous task, requiring considerable sums of money.

It is an acknowledged fact that "there are no sentiments in business" and an ex-serviceman is expected to do as much as his civilian counterpart who is technically trained. And Colonel Nicholson's chief problem is: "our boys are willing to work for their living, but very few opportunities are available to them."

The Services (Army, Navy and Air Force) can try to rehabilitate the trained paraplegics by employing them as tailors, radio mechanics and even clerks as they are trained in stenography and typing. Paraplegics need frequent medical attention, so that they cannot stay at their homes in the villages where medical assistance is not available. As such, it is necessary to give them employment at their Regimental Centres where they can live a normal life in familiar surroundings and also avail of medical facilities when required.

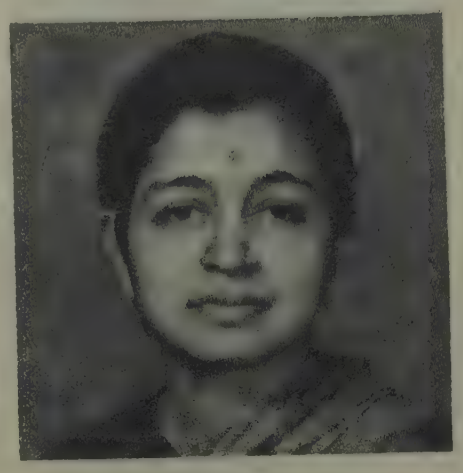
The school has made steady progress moving with the times, but the greatest difficulty experienced is lack of funds. The instructors and staff are paid meagrely and most of them are ex-servicemen; their only objective is to look after the disabled in a humane way. Government and charitable bodies would do well to consider the fact that there is still immense scope for expansion and diversification. A responsibility which should have been the Government's is undertaken by this institution with the help of public donations.

Admittedly, the rehabilitation of a handicapped person is a humane and laudable task, but in the case of the disabled soldier, the fact that he incurred the disability in the service of the country adds a new dimension. Consequently, there is a higher duty cast on society to rehabilitate him.

As I turn to leave, in the far distance I see Col. Nicholson, the guiding spirit, the wheel chairs moving fast along the ramps and the sun's rays bright on the words "Though hurt I grow."

DEVAKI JAIN:

EXTENSIVE RESEARCH ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN



Now Director of the Institute of Social Studies, New Delhi, Mrs. Jain has spent a lifetime collecting useful information on women both in India and other Asian countries

It was a fascinating experience to meet Mrs. Devaki Jain, Director of the Institute of Social Studies, New Delhi. She has always been concerned about the rural women of India who are burdened with economic inadequacies and household chores from dusk to dawn.

Devaki Jain has several books to her credit on the problems of Indian women. Her latest book, titled "Women of India", was published by the Publications Division of the Government of India. It deals with the various problems of Indian women. She has compiled useful data in this book with the help of women working for the amelioration of women's difficulties. It was published to mark the International Women's Year in India. Talking about the book, Mrs. Jain said, "I had to work for nearly three years to gather the necessary material."

She is an M.A. in Economics from the Oxford University, and was teaching for nearly ten years at the Miranda House College, New Delhi. Before accepting the teaching assignment she worked with the famous sociologist, Mr. Gunner Myrdal. She visited several countries in Asia to gather information and data for his book, "The Asian Drama". Devaki has nostalgic recollections about her work with this great social scientist.

As Director of the Institute for Social Studies she has undertaken several research studies on women sponsored by Government and other agencies. Some of her studies were on the working conditions of women in wet and dry lands in Rajasthan and Bengal. These took her to remote villages of Bengal and Rajasthan and she gathered valuable information about the living conditions there.

Talking about her experiences, Devaki said, "Rural women are capable of decision making. They know what they want. Their main problem is that they are too preoccupied with work. If they are to be drawn out of this drudgery, new techniques have to be adopted. We should develop new value systems in working with rural women. Once we win their confidence, we have a wonderful chance to implement our nation building programmes."

Besides her book, "Women of India", Devaki Jain has several other publications to her credit. She has published a book on behalf of UNICEF which deals with income generating projects for women. She has also published a research paper, "Succesful endeavours of women — both economic and non-economic." This was published by the Indian Council for Social Sciences.

Though Mrs. Jain hails from Bangalore, she has spent a number of years in Delhi. She is married to Mr. Jain, a rural socio-political worker. Mr. Jain was also associated with the Handicrafts Board as member-secretary. Mrs. Jain has very friendly relations with Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadyaya. She has visited several countries to study the ways of life of women in other countries. She visited Mexico to attend the International Women's Meet organised by the United Nations.

At the end of the interview, I felt that though a highly qualified person, Mrs. Jain could understand, with her innate warmth and sympathy, the simple Indian rural women. With her deep knowledge of sociology, her study of women the world over, her sympathy for and understanding of our rural women, and her resolve to improve their lot, Mrs. Jain should prove very effective in the post she is holding at present.

Kamala Kumar

KUMU HAFIZKA:

INTERESTED IN WOMEN'S WELFARE AND EDUCATION

As a member of the board of visitors of G. T. Hospital, Bombay, where she worked for ten years, Mrs. Hafizka took a keen interest in improving the hospital and providing better medical facilities for the economically backward

The very first impression which Mrs. Kumu Hafizka gives s of sweetness, so when I came to know that Mr. Hafizka, our Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, fell in love with her on first sight, I was not surprised. Anyone meeting her will start liking her, and every subsequent meeting with her will enhance this feeling. So it is no wonder that after 26 years of their marriage they are still so fond of each other that they want to spend as much time in each other's company as they can.

Kumu was born and brought up in Bombay and belongs to a Maharashtrian family. Much before she met and married Mr. Hafizka, who was an important person in public life even then, she was interested in social work, especially in women's welfare and education.

She got an opportunity to fulfil her ambition when she became a member of the board of visitors of the G. T. Hospital, where she worked for ten years. During this period she took keen interest in improving the hospital and getting better medical facilities for the poor suffering people.

She was a member of the National Railway Users' Consultative Committee for a number of years and there she took great interest in improving the catering department of the railways.

Mrs. Hafizka is a well travelled person. She has not only travelled all over India but has also been round the world. She loves meeting people. No wonder this friendliness has been helpful to her husband in his public life.

Mr. Hafizka and Kumu have very diverse backgrounds. Mr. Hafizka belongs to an orthodox Muslim family from Bhatkal, while Kumu comes from a Maharashtrian family, and their marriage in 1952 must have been a sensation. But Kumu was not only converted to Islam but has adapted herself very well to her in-laws and even today, when she goes to Bhatkal she wears a burkha.

With Mr. Hafizka's appointment as Ambassador, Kumu Hafizka will have lots of opportunities to travel and meet new people.

Her hobby is gardening and she does a lot of it in Lonavla where they have a bungalow. Mr. and Mrs. Hafizka have no children, but they do not miss anything as Mr. Hafizka has a large family and Kumu loves to be with all the nieces and nephews of her husband.

Mrs. Hafizka never tried to push herself into the limelight. She has been content to remain in the background giving moral support to her husband in his many interests.

The fragrance of a flower is not seen, it reaches you even before you see the flower.

I knew about Kumu Hafizka even before I met her.

Najma Heptulla

hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Honey, different people have different pastimes, each enjoying himself in his own way. I have a friend, Rui, who sits all day listening to blaring music from four speakers — quadrophonic he calls it. His wife sits in another corner just about fed up and waiting for a tube to burst in his super amplifier, before one of hers does. He believes in the theory that if he decides to hear music, all his neighbours must listen too.

William is what we commonly call a bookworm. He reels off the titles and contents of books with the same ease as Chandru reels off the names and vital statistics of women. Says he also writes. He sold two articles recently—his watch and his wife's ring. At a party, if you see two blokes together and one looks bored, William is the other.

Osie is always working his way down with bottoms up. His pastime is drinking. Any time for him is a good time for drinking. Nothing much upstairs and always willing to make a display of it. At a party last Saturday, while drinks were

Honey, I spend my spare time with a crowd of seven friends, who have developed a craze for cards. They talk cards, dream of jokers and spend hours thinking up combination of jokers. I could write a book on each of these characters. My wife is also one of them, and the way she loses, one would imagine money grows on trees. I am the tree she shakes and believe me luv, I am all shook up.

The quietest of the gang is Roy. It's easy to know when he has a good hand. He looks up to Heaven as if in thanks when he has something good, and when he has not, the look on his face would have scared the hell out of Hitler.

Romola holds her cards tight to her heaving bosom when they are playable. Otherwise you'll hear her say, "If only I had a red queen, instead of a black five!"

Luke, who owns a garage, is in top gear with any set of cards. He has a permanent smile on his face even when he loses.

THE GAMES THAT MEN PLAY! AND WOMEN, TOO

on, someone mentioned Beethoven's Fifth, and he immediately said, "So soon? I have only finished my second." One thing is in his favour however — he never drinks more than he can stand — the minute he can stand, he starts drinking again.

With some people, their pastime is melancholy and Mick is a sad example. He has a wife, a motor-cycle and a cigarette lighter — none of them work. One look at his face and you'll imagine that Adi Amin was after him. Poor fellow, he has had bad luck with two wives. The first left him, and the second one won't.

Elsie is never happy when she is not talking. She must have been vaccinated with a gramophone needle. She recently went in for an operation that lasted 15 minutes, but she takes four hours to describe it. One can't get a word in while she is talking, even if you folded it in two.

He generally wins at cards, but is a regular loser at home!

Poor Frank! He is so scared of his wife's presence, that he takes her permission to start dealing out the cards. He has his own will of course, but she has her way.

Jeannette is the sly one. "I cannot understand the game," she mourns, then quietly produces the winning aces. Victoria is the dumb beanty whose presence makes losing worthwhile. Losers hold her hands for luck and end up losing more.

Imagine seven friends sitting round a table, each one hoping the other six will lose!

What a way to spend an evening!

Until next time then.

Eve's Weekly - Corn Products Quiz Contest -4

HEGMAN

1. What are Mendelian laws concerned with?

2. What is the Chief Minister of a State called in Germany?

3. Where, in India, is the headquarters of the South Central Railway?

4. In connection with the study of what is Arnold Toynbee famous?

5. When did India launch her first satellite "Aryabhata"?

6. What name is commonly given to the process of coating the surface of iron with zinc?

7. Which two gentlemen were awarded the 1973 Nobel Peace Prize for peace efforts in Vietnam?

8. Who was Prime Minister of England when India became independent?

9. The ancient Olympics were abolished in 393 A.D. In which year were the modern Olympics started?

10. Which Indian Cabinet Minister has written a book on his experiences in jail called "A Prisoner's Scrapbook"?

11. The longest river in Europe flows entirely within Russia. Name the river.

12. What is the German name for "children's garden" that we have adopted for schools for very young children?

This is the fourth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Win Rs. 50 plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly if you are first with an all-correct entry.

The next 10 all correct entries will win a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly.

There is no entry fee. But remember that the first eleven entries that arrive at our office by mail have the greatest chance of winning.

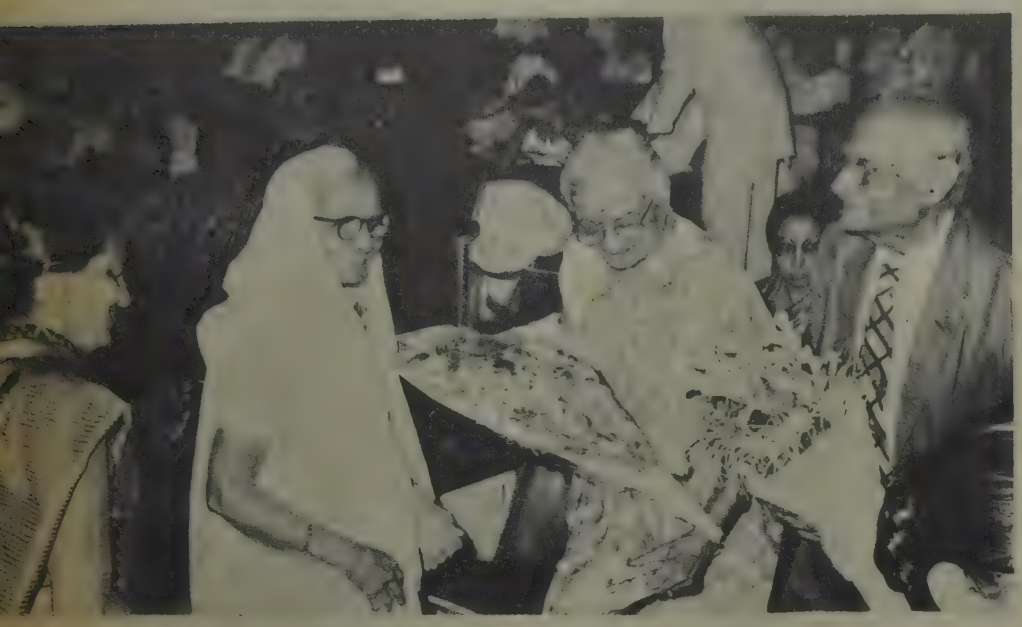
Please mark "Quiz Contest 4" on the outside of your envelopes.

For answers to Quiz Contest 3 see page 45.

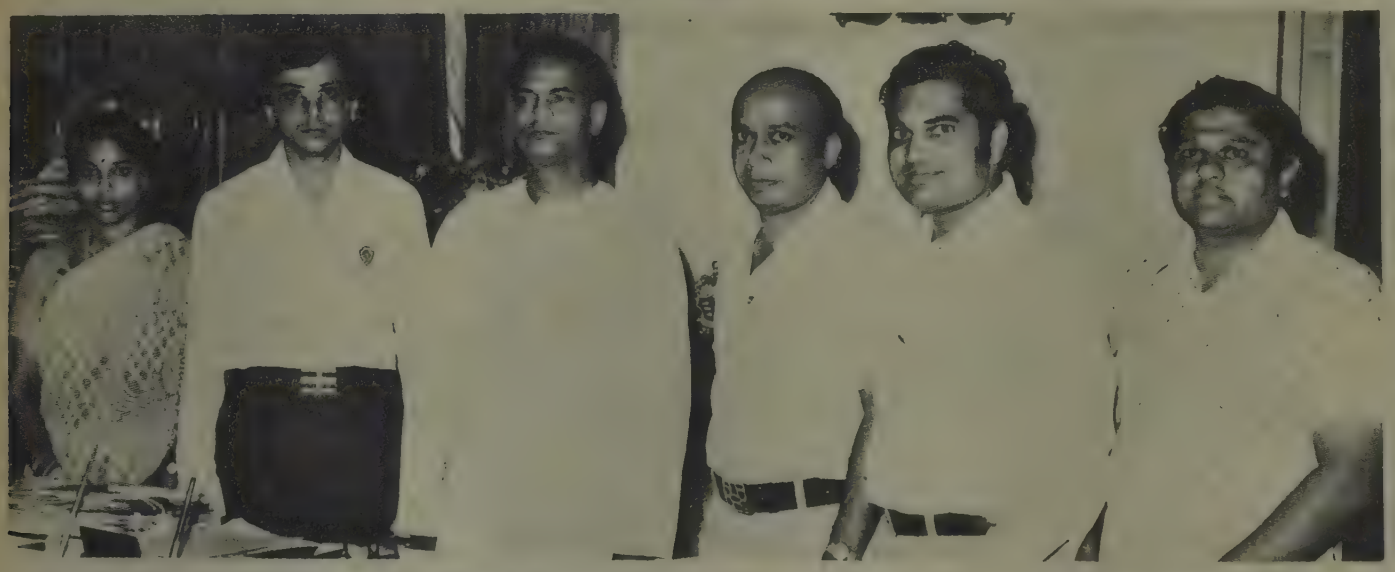
The deadline for Quiz Contest 4 is July 29. The answers to Quiz Contest 4 will appear in our issue of August 12. This is to facilitate matters for contestants from out of Bombay.

people and events

Mr. Aditya Birla (standing) delivered a lecture on "Joint Ventures" organised by the Indo-American Society in Bombay. Here he is seen with, from left, Mr. Girish K. Chitalia, president of the Society, and Mrs. Sumitra Vakil and Mrs. Gool Panthakey, vice-presidents.



LEFT: Mr. R. G. Saraiya, past president, Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, inaugurated the Amrut Mahotsav of the Stree Mandal, Bombay. Mrs. Sharda Shah, asst. secretary of the Mandal and Mrs. Chanda Bhaidas, president (1st & 2nd from left) are seen here with Mr. and Mrs. Saraiya.



The Board of Directors of Andheri Jaycees called on the Mayor of Bombay to acquaint him with the civic welfare activities of their organisation. Picture shows from left, Mrs. Vimla Somaiah, immediate past pres., Andheri Jaycees, Mr. Vijay Jhaveri, director, Mayor Wamanrao Mahadik, Mr. M. M. Shah, pres. Mr. Anantrai Mehta, sec. and Mr. Harshad Fadia, vice-president.

ABOVE: The Eastern Railway Women's Organisation (E.R.W.O.) donated Rs. 10,000 to the Cancer Welfare Centre, Calcutta and the Association of Medical Women for Cancer Detection Centre, West Bengal. Mrs. Nirmal Sachdev president, E.R.W.O. and wife of the G.M., Eastern Railway, (left) presents the cheque to Dr. Shobha Ghosh of the Welfare Centre.

Mrs. Shahnaz Husain, of 'Woman's World', Delhi, cuts the ribbon and declares open 'Woman's World' in Jaipur. Seen with her are from left, Mrs. Kapoor, Mrs. Chaudhry, Miss Nilofer Husain, Mrs. Neeta Bhandari, Dr. Mathur, Miss Deepa Malhotra, Mrs. Nirmal Malhotra, Mrs. Bansal and Mrs. Mukherjee.

Mrs. Minaben Patel (standing at right), the outgoing president of the Inner Wheel Club of Ahmedabad, welcomes Mrs. Varshaben Dipakbhai, (left), the incoming president, at the Installation Ceremony of the Club. Chief guest Mrs. Ilaben Bhatt is seen seated.

bombay

An exhibition of fascinating paintings is being held in Bombay — A. A. Raiba's paintings, titled "India Unseen". The preview was held at Pundole Art Gallery, and the exhibition at the Taj Art Gallery and the Centaur hotel art gallery.

The paintings depict a wondrous dreamworld-like atmosphere. The old, gnarled trees, the deserted temple ruins, old boats lying anchored — all conjure up a curious nostalgia in the viewer, even though he may have never seen such sights. One critic feels that these depict Bombay unseen — life in old Bombay.

* * *

The Amrut Mahotsav (platinum jubilee year) of Stree Mandal was inaugurated by Mr. R. G. Saraiya, Past President of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry (FICCI).

The ceremony was followed by devotional songs by Sudha Malhotra and Purshotam Jalota.

Stree Mandal, one of Bombay's oldest women's institutions (founded in 1903) has consistently worked for the social and economic benefit of women under the presidentship of Mrs. Chandaben Bhaidas, a social worker.

The Mandal runs a handicrafts centre, a library and a high school, besides conducting courses in embroidery, sewing and cutting. It also manages free medical clinics and child and family welfare centres. During the Amrut Mahotsav, it plans to open a new centre for mentally retarded and problem children, open a creche and start health care and follow-up programmes for school-going students.

A special Amrut Mahotsav committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Ashrumati Shah, has been appointed.

calcutta

The All Bengal Poets convention met recently at the Presidency College, under the auspices of the Pravaha Sahitya Sammelan.

Mr. Sushil Mukherjee, the Vice-Chancellor, Calcutta University, presided over the first session. The Chief Guest was Mr. Sarkar Prasad Mitra, Chief Justice of West Bengal.

The second session was presided over by the Vice-Chancellor of the Rabindra Bharati University, Mr. P. C. Gupta, and the well-known littereteur, Mr. Ananda Shankar Ray, was the Chief Guest.

More than 3,000 poets, writers and editors of little magazines took part in the celebrations. A special feature was the miming of several modern poems by Viswanath and the rendering of poems into musical form by Mrs. Kar Mazumdar.

* * *

Calcutta witnessed an unusual exhibition of furniture pieces and fabrics which blended into a pleasing whole. Subbho Tagore, B. K. Nahar, T. Aratoor, Amita Basu and Amrit Khanna contributed to the display. The colour consultants Asika Ray and Swati Chaudhuri, were much in demand for questioning by the appreciative public.

ahmedabad

Nrityabharti, a school of classical dances, had its Arangetram Mahotsav, in which 15 students had their arangetrams.

Mr. Popatlal Vyas, State Home Minister, inaugurated the Mahotsav and lauded the efforts of Mrs. Elakshi Thakore, director of the school, in preserving and propagating the ancient dance forms of India.

Mr. P. G. Mavlankar, M.P., Mr. Makrand Desai, Minister for Housing, Power, Mines, Minerals, Electricity, Urban and Rural Development and Drainage, Miss Geeta Nair, an eminent exponent of Mohini Attam from Bombay, Dr. Ramnathan, a reputed scientist, and Mr. Avinash Vyas, lyricist, and composer were some of the distinguished guests who awarded certificates to the budding dancers passing out of school.

* * *

Dr. Suman Pandya, a lecturer of the Gujarat Vidyapeeth, has discovered three Harappan sites in Bhavnagar. According to Dr. Suman Pandya these are the first sites discovered in the district.

hyderabad

"Both modern medicine and Yoga should be accepted side by side," was the advice given by Yogacharya Sitaramiah, Yoga Instructor at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. The occasion was the inauguration of a course organised by the Bhavan. A demonstration of ordinary as well as advanced **asanas** was very well appreciated. Miss Mrinalini Chattopadhyaya proposed a vote of thanks.

chandigarh

A Repertory Company has been set up under the aegis of the Department of Cultural Affairs, Haryana. There are 15 male and 10 female artistes in the Company. The first production of this Repertory is a Haryanvi play entitled "Sharbati" — directed by Balwant Gargi. At the maiden performance of the play at Karnal, Mr. P. R. Kaushik, Deputy Commissioner, Karnal, was the chief guest. More than 2,000 people watched the play.

The company is touring the whole of Haryana.

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY — CORN PRODUCTS QUIZ CONTEST — 3

1. **Col. Vladmir Remeck of Czechoslovakia.**
2. **Hamilton, Canada, in 1930.**
3. **Jack Ruby.**
4. **Mars.**
5. **Cockroach.**
6. **Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque.**
7. **1968.**
8. **Press Trust of India, United News of India, Hindustan Samachar and Samachar Bharati.**
9. **Christian Science.**
10. **Dracula.**
11. **Egg-laying mammals.**
12. **The conquest of Mount Everest on May 29, 1953, by Sir Edmund Hillary and Mr. Tenzing Norgay.**

Mr. Anil Khanna of Chandigarh wins the First Prize of Rs. 50 plus a pack each of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly for sending in the first all-correct entry.

See Quiz No. 4 on page 43.

world of eve

LAXMI PARASURAM

Laxmi Parasuram, Professor of English at the Burdwan University, has just published an interesting book on Virginia Woolf, called "The Emerging Reality."

Laxmi's field of specialisation is modern British and American literature. A gold medallist from St. Mary's College, Laxmi got her Master's degree from Bombay University and her Ph.D. from the University of Kentucky, USA. With a most co-operative husband looking after the homefront, she accepted the American Association of University Women's Scholarship in 1970, and the Haggin Fellowship in 1970-71, and went to the USA to teach in their universities. A vivacious and very forthright person, Laxmi recounts amusing stories of her "Kentucky days".

Laxmi writes for many journals, is a regular voice on the AIR, Calcutta, frequently participates in seminars and is a founder member of the Virginia Woolf Society, the All-India Teachers' Association, the India Association for American Studies and of the American Studies Research Centre.

SHOVANA NARAYAN

At 27, Shovana Narayan has successfully combined an exacting career in the Indian Audits and Accounts Service, as an asst. Accountant General, with the demanding life of a Kathak dancer.

A first class B.Sc. and M.Sc. scholar she received a CSIR Fellowship, followed by the National Scholarship for Kathak from the Dept. of Culture.

Shovana has been Birju Maharaj's disciple since 1965, when he saw her performance and was impressed by it. Till '76, Shovana was the leading lady in most Kathak ballets directed by Birju Maharaj. "But ballets are time-consuming, and now that my time is limited, I prefer solo performances." At 20, Shovana took her first delegation to France. She has since danced in Europe's major capitals. Shovana's dancing has been witnessed by international dignitaries at Rashtrapati Bhavan.

Trekking is Shovana's other main interest — she has scaled the 16,000 feet Rupin Pass.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

You have probably had major changes in more than one sphere of your life over the past two years. These may have been hard to accept as they occurred, but you will know by now that they were for the best — and were truly fated. Look ahead to a super year which brings much happiness in close relationships, when you'll feel that everything is "in place" and that the future holds much promise. This feeling is not misplaced, for new doors are opening for you. If you need practical support, you will get it from family, friends, working colleagues. A very special romance is indicated, more money — and a rise in your worldly status.

(For the week July 23—29)

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

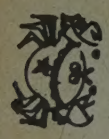
It may be decision time in your love life, but try not to bring matters to a head yourself. There will be a lot of social activity, plenty of promising meetings, but you will be inclined to think back to a phase in your life that is over and done with. Take a carefree view of life and people.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

An exciting time for romance — it could be off with the old and on with the new! You will be in a happy whirl of light-hearted activity; there'll be parties and outings, some spur-of-the-moment pleasure trips. An accent on family life suggests that a change you have wanted for some time is about to occur.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

Super times are on the way in August; this week you will be busy tying up some loose ends, clearing up generally. But you will also be getting around in fresh areas, perhaps starting something new and adventurous. Any sort of contact with others will tend to be profitable — in some way.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Extra money for you — or perhaps a super 'offer' right out of the blue. Don't hold back on anything through shyness or nervousness; you can do anything if you have faith in yourself! A special delivery in the mail could be a gift, a lucky win or that special message you are waiting on.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

Life won't be so busy now that Mercury is leaving your sign but if you made changes recently under this influence, they will work out to your benefit. The Sun now in Leo gives a boost to your personal life, also to your special hopes and wishes. A new friendship will develop beautifully!

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

You should be feeling great but if you have a little health or beauty worry, this is the week to sort it out. You will find the answers to most queries this week and there is a 'secret' element about things which somehow benefits you. A blissful week for love, a lively one socially.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

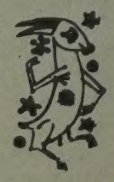
Everything is going your way and this week you'll enjoy all you do. Good news is on the way and can give you that boost you need to achieve your special hopes. You are about to enter a lucky and exhilarating few weeks, but the whole of the second half of 1978 will bring good things your way!

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

It is in several week's time that your love life will really surge forward, when other strokes of luck will come your way. Look forward with happy anticipation, but enjoy the delights that leisure activities have to offer, meanwhile. This week, treat yourself to something really dazzling!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

If you are off on holiday soon, try to get the last of your shopping done this week and make a check to see that you have dealt with necessary details in good time. In any case, aim for fresh scenes and activities make new friendships; your stars advise changes to make the most of lucky trends.

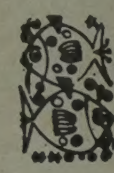


CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

If you have cash problems they'll be with you for some weeks yet, but any little struggles you have will lead you into a better situation later on. Also, you could get a temporary lift for your budget because someone does you a good turn. In romance, it is necessary to take the initiative!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb 19)

Early in the week, a minor disappointment; someone may let you down — or you could be over-optimistic about your chances! The last few days find you hugging some happy news to yourself, feeling more optimistic about everything. Life will throw some splendid chances your way soon.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

You could be feeling a bit battered, generally! Life has been hectic, people rather unfair in their attitude towards you for some weeks past. Improvement is on the way, but meanwhile, try to avoid quarrels. If health is low or your emotional life unsatisfactory, be patient and try to relax.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JULY 29, 1978

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRE-SCHOOL EDUCATION

At an all-India seminar held in Delhi earlier this year, the state of our pre-school education was discussed and ways suggested of improving it. The main point is that the pre-school years of a child are vitally formative years and care should be taken to ensure that education at this level gets the utmost attention.

THE PROBLEMS OF OLD AGE

A doctor's guide to the troubles that come with age and how to deal with them.

MAIDEN AUNTS: A TRIBUTE

A tribute to maiden aunts, which highlights their self-sacrifice and their devotion to their family and those of their married siblings.

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